The Outlook

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The Paris Charleston

FRANCE—the prize perpetual political Charleston dancer of Europe—has just worn out in rapid succession two of her Premier partners. The hall where this endurance exhibition is being staged is the Chamber of Deputies, the lower house of the French Parliament. The legislative orchestra to whose syncopation the contestants have to try to keep step has been producing partisan jazz strains that have proved too much even for such veteran performers as Briand and Herriot. To the dissonances of the "Budget Blues" and the "Currency Slide" these leaders have been trying to execute the complicated figure known as "Forming a Cabinet." Briand gave up recently after several months on the floor. Herriot jumped into his place, at the invitation of President Doumergue as master of ceremonies, but he quit exhausted after twenty-four hours. Then Briand, after this brief rest, entered the competition again for a tenth time, to the blare of the Conservative cornets, the wail of the Socialist saxophone, the racket of the Radical rattle, the beat of the Democratic drum, and the clash of the Communist cymbals. Whether he can stand the pace or whether the nationalist, Poincaré, or the mystery man, Caillaux, may be called upon, remains to be seen.

Briand's late Cabinet was forced out of office by the failure of its financial and economic retrenchment program. M. Peret, the Finance Minister, tendered his resignation, and the whole Ministry went out with him in order to give the Premier an opportunity to attempt to form a "National Union" Cabinet including representatives of all parties except the Royalists and Communists. But, despite the critical emergency in which the country finds itself, due to the depreciation of the currency, Briand was unable to get enough assurance of cooperation from other party leaders to make him feel certain of his position and power to act.

The President then gave former Premier Herriot a chance to try his hand at making up a Cabinet based on the support of the left-wing groups in the Chamber. This, it is believed, represented a shrewd move on the part of Briand. Herriot is the leader of the Radical Socialists, who have been clamoring for a tax levy on capital as a means of solving the nation's financial problems. Herriot's attempt to form a Cabinet reveals the fact that he cannot muster the support necessary to carry through this program. The issue of a capital levy thus is disposed of, and it is made evident that the way out of the present situation must be found along other lines. Whether Briand or another leader succeeds in organizing an effective Government, it is a step in advance to have established the fact that the remedy for the troubles of France must be sought in moderate conservative principles.

The Kaiser Keeps His Property

BECAUSE the referendum in Germany failed to approve the confiscation of the property of the princely houses of the various German states, it is not to be assumed that a majority of the German people would not like to see such property confiscated. The vote in the referendum was almost fifteen million in favor of confiscation and only a little more than half a million against it; but the proposal was lost because less than half of the qualified voters cast ballots. The opponents of the measure for the most part stayed away from the polls; and these together with such voters as would not have voted anyway for one reason or another prevented the vote from becoming effective. When it is remembered that in the United States the vote cast in an election is often less than half the number of registered voters, it is not surprising that under the circumstances less than half voted in Germany. Even so, the total vote lacked only five million of constituting a majority of the electorate.

There was nothing really radical about the proposal. In other countries royal property has been confiscated with the fall of royal houses. If the monarch as long as he rules is the state, his property is the state's property. Confiscation of his property is therefore not in the ordinary sense a seizure of private possessions. Nevertheless many Germans who are republican at heart were afraid that confiscation might open the way to Bolshevism or Communism. Moreover, it was felt that bankers would be less likely to extend credit to a country that had seized royal estates. The proposal was to use these estates for the unemployed, war invalids, and other dependents, and the establishment of free agricultural land for the peasants and farm laborers.

If this property had been appropriated without compensation, no return of the Hohenzollerns to power would have been conceivable. Now the Hohenzollerns, as well as the other princes who have ruled in the German states, keep a foothold in the Fatherland. Still those fifteen million voters who cast their ballots for confiscation have given fair warning as to what would inevitably happen in case of any attempt to restore the monarchy.

Economy and a Surplus

NINE days before the end of the fiscal year President Coolidge revealed the fact that the Treasury has a surplus of $390,000,000 and has reduced the National debt during the year by $836,000,000. This is a brighter picture than the one which Treasury estimates outlined when the present tax law was pending a few months ago. The official estimates then were that the provisions of the bill would run the Treasury very close to a deficit if not into it.

The President wisely said, however, that the present surplus cannot be taken as a dependable forecast of the revenue that will be produced in other years. He looks for a smaller surplus next year and, unless rigid economy is practiced, the possibility of a deficit in 1928. He said, however, that the present condition of the Treasury demonstrated "the correctness of the theory that reduction of

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tax rates economically applied will stimulate business and thereby increase taxable revenue." In the same connection, he warned that any lack of prosperity would reduce the Government's income, and that expenditures should be planned accordingly.

The President discussed the possibility of further tax reduction, and said the point to which it may be carried "cannot be stated until the new tax law has had sufficient opportunity to become fully effective and experience has shown what revenue it will produce." The political enemies of the Administration will, of course, remind the country that they predicted a big surplus and said that the Administration could safely have recommended a much more liberal reduction of taxes. The indications are, however, that taxpayers are fairly well satisfied with the reductions they got and that they will not worry because the Government has more money than it needs to spend.

The House Waits upon the Senate

THE Congressional stage is set for one of those agonizing and probably long-drawn finales that have so distressed the country in recent years. They are usually bloody spectacles, too. Worthy bills are slaughtered ruthlessly. Others are deliberately strangled. And at the last, after the panic has somewhat subsided, it is usually discovered that some bills which had the good wishes of practically everybody have been forgotten and crushed in the scramble.

The practical certainty of such an ending to this session was realized when the Republican organization lost in an effort to adopt a resolution for adjournment on June 30. The successful opposition consisted of Democrats, insurgents, and a considerable sprinkling of organization Republicans. The leader was Representative Martin B. Madden, of Chicago, Chairman of the Appropriations Committee, and therefore ordinarily counted upon as one of the chief lieutenants of Speaker Longworth. Mr. Madden's main objection to adjournment was that the Rivers and Harbors Bill is not yet a law, and he frankly said that his principal interest in this bill is in the clause providing for the deepening of the Illinois River and the Chicago Drainage Canal, a project strenuously objected to by many because of the alleged danger of lowering the water level of the Great Lakes. Farm relief legislation also figured in the opposition to adjournment and, once adjournment was indefinitely postponed, a number of measures for which hope had been abandoned were revivified.

The decision of the House not to adjourn came, not because of the state of its own calendar, but because of the condition of the Senate calendar. The Rivers and Harbors Appropriation Bill had passed the House, but had hung fire in the Senate until the diagnosticians came to regard its case as hopeless. It was the Senate's "move" in farm legislation, too. It still had the Haugen Bill before it, and also was tinkering with an amendment to the Jardine Co-operative Marketing Bill, embracing several of the essential features of the Haugen plan. The House decided to wait and see what the Senate was going to do.

After the Haugen Bill—What?

HOPE for passage of the Haugen Bill by both houses was considerably revived after the decision of the House to postpone adjournment. There were evidences of an inclination on the part of both Senators and Representatives to pass the bill and the "buck" at the same time, leaving the burden on the President. Secretary Mellon's statement was taken as a warning that the Haugen Bill —in fact, any farm relief legislation of a similar character—would encounter the veto. Those who have participated in the fight for so-called agricultural relief, however, did not abandon it. The attack, it appears likely, is merely to be shifted to another point.

The movement, apparently, has gained in frankness. Its object has always been to make the tariff protect agricultural producers; but this object has not always been plainly stated. Following the Mellon analysis of the Haugen Bill, however, some men began to say what they have all along thought. Senator Capper, of Kansas, who has always managed to remain strictly regular, declared that, "if one is to accept Mr. Mellon's analysis of the proposed farm relief measure, he must of necessity condemn the protective tariff by the same logic." Senator Johnson, of California, somewhat irregular but well inside the regular Republican lines, vehemently denounced Mr. Mellon's work as a crucifixion of all farmers except the few who are genuinely protected by the Fordney-McCumber tariff. And Senator Borah, of Idaho, whose progressivism never has carried him beyond the point of political safety as a Republican, condemned the Administration's attitude toward agriculture while asserting his opposition to the Haugen Bill on the single ground that the equalization fee makes it unconstitutional. Governor Hammill, of Iowa, who may be regarded as in some sort the political spokesman of the agricultural demand, said: "The tariff was passed and made effective as to industry. Agriculture is making the same demand and can see no good reason why the American market should be preserved for industry and not for agriculture."

Following these and similar expressions, the well-known Washington correspondent, Mark Sullivan, wrote to his newspapers that the new way determined upon to help the farmer "is to remove the advantages of other fields." He belongs to that comparatively small group of Washington correspondents who write with entire frankness of what goes on at Washington.

Senator Robinson, of Arkansas, the Democratic leader, made the publication of Mr. Mellon's statement the occasion for a speech which amounted to an invitation to Western Republicans to join with the Democrats to "tear down this tariff wall." Such a movement may not reach far—or it may. At least, there is very little doubt that there is a movement to shift the agricultural attack from a demand for special privilege for itself to a demand for withdrawal of what is regarded as special privileges to others.

The Wide Roaming Reed

SENATOR REED, of Missouri, annoyed because he was unable to get Wayne B. Wheeler on the witness-stand during the hearings on the wet bills, finally got him there in the hearings on the Pennsylvania primary. Having got him there, duly sworn, Reed made Wheeler tell the story of his life—what his salary was in 1897, whether or not he ever practiced law except as counsel for the Anti-Saloon League, and the minute details of the way the League was organized, about thirty years ago, in the various States. None of this or anything else that Senator Reed asked or that Mr. Wheeler answered had anything to do with the Pennsylvania primary. The justification

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Uncertain way of gain!

(Richard III, Act IV, Scene 2)

Cargill in the Paterson (N. J.) Morning Call

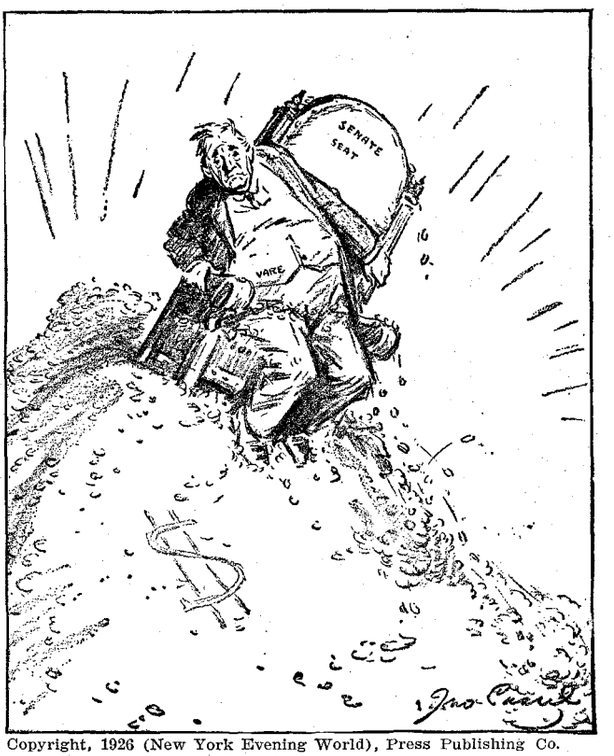
The fortunes of war

From W. E. Shafer, New York, N. Y.

Powers in the Boston American

From C. E. Mundrucu, Roxbury, Mass.

Cassel in the New York Evening World



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How firm a foundation!

From Mrs. R. T. Russell, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Alley in the Memphis Commercial Appeal

"Now, consarn ye, don't go hog-wild!"

From Miss Nannie H. Rice, A. & M. College, Mississippi

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for calling Wheeler appears to have been the suspicion that the Anti-Saloon League spent some money in the Pennsylvania primary, as perhaps it did; but Senator Reed got no information on that point, and apparently did not try to get any.

What Senator Reed did get was the frank statement from Mr. Wheeler that the Anti-Saloon League sometimes has paid Senators and Representatives their expenses and an occasional honorarium for making speeches. Mr. Wheeler named several of them—Upshaw of Georgia, Barkley of Kentucky, Cooper of Ohio, and, on the Senate side, Willis and Fess of Ohio. Senator Willis has denied that he has received such money since he has been Senator, but the others have either admitted it or said nothing about it. Why should they not admit it? For all that Senator Reed and the daily press have made much of it, why should not Senators and Representatives who believe in prohibition make speeches in favor of it, with reimbursement for their expenses and time?

It is a fact concerning which there has never been any concealment that all sorts of Senators and Representatives make speeches on all sorts of subjects for all sorts of pay. The Chautauqua platform recruits its summer staff very largely from the two houses of Congress. Chambers of Commerce and other civic bodies, according to the common understanding, frequently pay Senators and Representatives for making speeches on the tariff, the income tax, waterways improvement, and all sorts of subjects on which those men will have to act in their official capacity. Nobody has ever suggested that any Senator or Representative advocated a protective tariff, for instance, because of the speaking fees that he might get for advocating it.

A great many Senators and Representatives, Senator Reed prominent among them, practice law for fees—and, undoubtedly, for larger fees than the Anti-Saloon League has ever paid. It is by no means a thing unknown for Senators and Representatives to leave Washington when important matters are pending and go home to try lawsuits. Members of Congress may have run away from their duties to make prohibition speeches, but Senator Reed has not shown anything of the kind. And, anyhow, it has nothing to do with the matter which Senator Reed's committee is investigating. The Senator is irascibly insistent that witnesses confine their testimony quite strictly to the questions he asks. The witnesses cannot, of course, insist that the Senator confine his questions to things having at least some remote bearing on the question at issue.

The Northern Pacific Lands

By the grant of 1864 and seventeen subsequent acts Congress undertook to give to the Northern Pacific Railroad Company about 40,000,000 acres of land, then practically without value. The grantee was to make these and other lands valuable by the construction of a railroad line through them from the Great Lakes to the Pacific Ocean. It was a contract. Has it been complied with? Both sides say not, and a joint committee of Congress is trying to ascertain the facts from the records running through sixty-two years.

The Northern Pacific says it has never received all of the lands to which it is entitled and is demanding possession of some additional millions of acres, of which 2,600,000 acres are lands which the National Government has protected and developed for a quarter of a century as National Forest lands. The Forest Service declines to surrender them without protest. It declares that the Northern Pacific has never complied with its part of the contract and that, far from being entitled to millions of acres more, it should be deprived of part of what it already has received. This is the tangle which the joint committee, headed by Representative Sinnott, of Oregon, must unravel.

The Forest Service came into the contest only when National Forest lands were claimed under the grant. Prior to that time business pertaining to the Northern Pacific land grant had been handled by the Department of the Interior. But, becoming at last a party in interest, the Forest Service has gone beyond the effort to retain these particular lands and is attempting to eliminate from the grant about a million acres claimed by the company in the so-called second indemnity strip. The assertion is also made that the Northern Pacific has obtained by fraud and misrepresentation as to the classification of mineral lands 2,500,000 acres which should be restored to the Government, and that it has discarded worthless lands to which it may have been entitled and claimed instead valuable acreage to which it has no right.

The Forest Service already has succeeded in recovering 220,000 acres of lands by uncovering errors in early records. This adjustment has been agreed to by all parties to the contest. This agreement, however, does not affect the larger contention.

The joint committee is expected to conclude its hearings within a week or two; but adjournment will probably postpone a final report until the next session. Meanwhile, by agreement, all patents of land to the Northern Pacific under its grants are suspended.

Honesty Recognized

Outlook readers will, we are sure, be glad to hear that Charles L. Carslake and the Rev. John B. Adams have been offered reinstatement in the Federal Prohibition Unit.

The stories of their honesty, energetic enforcement efforts, and subsequent dismissal from the service for doing their sworn duty were recently related in these columns by Ernest W. Mandeville.

When these articles came to the notice of the present Deputy Prohibition Administrator of New Jersey—Captain Jesse L. Thompson—telegrams offering their old posts immediately went out to Mr. Carslake and Mr. Adams. Captain Thompson, an ex-army officer, as is his chief, General Andrews, wants to accomplish real enforcement of the Volstead Act. With a cork foot, a weak heart, and only one-half of his normal breathing capacity through the loss of one lung, Captain Thompson is laboring valorously in active charge of the field force of one of the wettest, if not the wettest State in the Union.

Many of those who are in the closest touch with this energetic captain are unaware of his physical condition and the heroism displayed by his unceasing efforts to whip into shape an efficient enforcement body.

He has not spared himself. After long days in his office he has uncomplainingly led in person many an important night raid against the main sources of bootleg supply. In his attempt to combat the New Jersey Rum Ring this officer is continually meeting obstacles which would discourage in short order a less coura-

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Wide World

Cardinal Bonzano enthroned in Holy Name Cathedral at the opening services of the Eucharistic Congress in Chicago on the day before the Open-Air Pontifical Mass

geous and persevering character. If any man in the prohibition service deserves honest and efficient assistants more than Captain Thompson does, we have neither seen him nor heard of him.

The Pontifical Mass

No greater contrast can be imagined than that between the first Lord's Supper, held in the upper room on the eve of the crucifixion, and the enormous pontifical mass with all the paraphernalia of ecclesiastical pomp and circumstance that was celebrated in the presence of two hundred thousand people at Chicago on Monday of last week. It is said that no such a multitude ever participated before in a religious spectacle. Roman Catholic divines and prelates, "princes of the Church," as the cardinals are called even in democratic America, nuns in great numbers, a choir of some sixty thousand voices, and others contributed to the overpowering effect of the ceremony at which the Papal Legate consecrated the bread and wine and thus, in the faith of Roman Catholics, effected the transubstantiation of the elements into the veritable body and blood of the Lord. The whole proceeding was an outstanding triumph for the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Chicago, who had undertaken to bring these people together within his own archdiocese—Cardinal Mundelein. We expect to give next week a further account of the Eucharistic Congress at which this pontifical mass took place, with some interpretation of its significance.

S. Homer Woodbridge

One of the greatest enemies of this Nation was defeated under the leadership of a man whose recent death has passed with little public notice. Samuel Homer Woodbridge was an engineer by profession; and it was due in no small part to his engineering mind, his engineering audacity, his engineering skill, and his engineering perseverance in the face of great obstacles that an end for all time was put to the corrupting and bloodsucking evil of the Louisiana Lottery. Credit belongs to others for their part in that fight that ended in a lasting victory—to the people of Louisiana themselves, who, as we said at the time, "rejected the proffered bribe of $31,000,000 for the renewal of the Lottery's charter to plunder the Nation;" to the members of the House and Senate who, with the bill in hand to outlaw the evil, fought their way through Congress; and to President Cleveland, who signed the bill. The Outlook, we recall with pleasure, took an active part in this campaign. But to Professor Woodbridge belongs everlasting credit for the leadership which never quailed in the face of odds. He was in charge of the agitation which brought the Lottery to a close.

Professor Woodbridge was as far as possible removed from the character commonly pictured as typical of the agitator and reformer. He commanded the affection of those who knew him. He was not a seeker of publicity, but of light and of opportunity for usefulness. He was charged with the difficult task of planning the installation of modern heating, ventilating, and sanitary appliances for the Capitol at Washington, and he overcame the difficulties of the task successfully. This was but one of many eminent engineering achievements.

As a member of the Faculty of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology he will be honored by those who came under his influence.

His public services were many; but it is particularly because of his generalship in directing the overthrow of the Lottery evil as a National menace that he should

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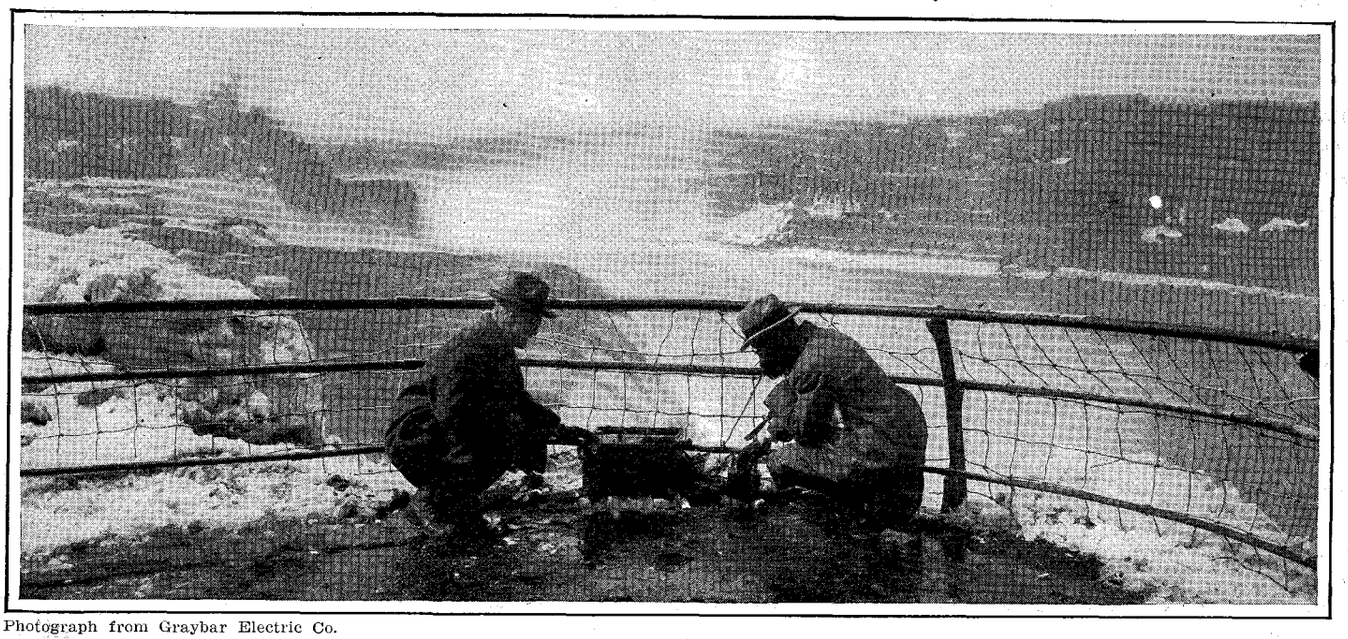

Photograph from Graybar Electric Co.

Making a Noise Test at Niagara Falls with the Audiometer

Prospect Point, where this test was made, is one of the quieter spots at the Falls. The noise here is equivalent in intensity to that found at 42d Street and Fifth Avenue, New York City

be held by his countrymen in grateful remembrance.

Premature Publicity

UNFORTUNATE delays in the completion of buildings and displays are bound to have a damaging effect on the success of the Philadelphia fair.

Hundreds of those who have attended the first few weeks of the Sesqui-Centennial feel that they have been fooled by alluring propaganda. With almost a "ready-to-call-the-cop" attitude, they have returned to their homes, determined to warn their neighbors not to make a similar mistake. This, of course, is the worst kind of advertising for what will certainly in the course of time be a truly great and beautiful exposition.

Two weeks after the nominal opening only a very small percentage of the buildings had been erected, and of these some were not yet completed. Only the Agricultural and Pennsylvania State Buildings seem to be fully set with exhibits. Treasure Island (from Wembley) and the Symphony Concerts were delighting many, but unfinished coasters and Ferris wheels were much in evidence on the "Gladway"—the promised avenue of pleasures—and the mammoth stadium lacked a real amusement feature.

Honest folk who have come considerable distances, perhaps on their only excursion for years to come, have experienced the keenest disappointment. Their feelings are not salved by the fact that incompleteness has marred the opening of other expositions. It is to be hoped that the difficulties which have retarded the completion of this one will be adjusted speedily, and that construction will go forward rapidly. Meanwhile it will be of service to the Exposition itself to have truthful publicity acquaint prospective travelers to Philadelphia with just what they may, or may not, expect to see upon arrival.

Yes, We Have Some Bananas

IT appears that the importation of bananas into the United States has reached the enormous total of something like 60,000,000 bunches per annum, with a heavy demand still unsatisfied. Boston, New York, and Baltimore share about forty per cent of the total delivery, while sixty per cent is credited to New Orleans, showing that the South and West are taking kindly to this handy form of food.

As each bunch contains an average of about one hundred and eighty bananas, the consumption, measured by single units, amounts to the amazing aggregate of ten billion eight hundred million, or something like one hundred per capita of the population. So large an addition to the supply of sustenance must affect home products, such as prepared breakfast foods, considerably. As the nutritive qualities of the fruit are high, and as it is sealed from infection by its own wrapper, the banana is in a class by itself.

People who get up scares over the prospective famine that faces the human race have not reckoned on the tropics as a source of supply. Untold millions of tons can be gathered from the West Indies, Mexico, the Spanish Main, and Brazil when the need arises.

Making a Noise Survey

SCIENCE is mostly measurement. According to an apothegm of the late Lord Kelvin: "When you can measure what you are speaking about and express it in numbers, you know something about it, and when you cannot measure it, when you cannot express it in numbers, your knowledge is of a meager and unsatisfactory kind. It may be the beginning of knowledge, but you have scarcely in your thought advanced to the stage of a science."

Most of us have nebulous and unscientific impressions about the volume of various sounds. We all know, for example, that a ten-inch gun makes more noise than a firecracker, but how many of us can tell, even approximately, what ratio exists between the two degrees of loudness? We talk loosely about the noisiness of a certain residential neighborhood as compared with the quietness of another one, but how many people would think of putting the comparison in numerical form? Is there a single noise in the gamut of our experience that we ever think of in quantitative terms?

Humanity's ideas were once just as

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vague on the subject of temperature. Since the invention of the thermometer this is no longer true. We measure and estimate warmth and coldness in degrees; and it appears that we shall soon be doing something similar with noises.

A year or two ago the electrical experts at the Bell System Laboratories invented a novel instrument called the "audiometer." The contrivance was designed primarily as a test of hearing. Sounds of any desired volume are produced and measured electrically, and the minimum intensity of sound that a person undergoing test can perceive shows how his hearing compares with the normal.

More recently the instrument has been applied to a different purpose—viz., the measurement of noise. When used for this purpose, the audiometer is provided with a means of holding the receiver a fraction of an inch away from the ear. The person making the measurement first tests his hearing under quiet conditions, and then moves the audiometer close to the noise that is to be measured and again measures his hearing. The result will be different, because the external sound is capable of drowning a certain degree of sound received from the instrument. The difference between the two measurements provides a numerical expression of the noise, which is stated in "noise units."

With the aid of this ingenious device a sort of "noise survey" has been in progress in various parts of the country. Measurements of street noises have been made in Washington, New York, and elsewhere. Several measurements have been made at Niagara Falls, where, we are told, the most deafening spot gives a reading of 70 units, as compared with one of 55 units at the corner of 34th Street and Sixth Avenue in New York City, which is the noisiest intersection in Manhattan.

The possible applications of the audiometer appear to be extremely diverse. A demand for its services has arisen in some of the industries, where the elimination of noise from machinery is a desideratum, and where manufacturers wish to get a definite idea of the results accomplished in that direction.

And now we hear of its use in the serious business of measuring hilarity! The volume of laughter accorded by a movie audience to "Topics of the Day" has been measured. The following squib is reported to have called forth 50 noise units of popular approval:

Jones. Sorry, old man, that my hen got loose and scratched up your garden.

Smith. That's all right. My dog ate your hen.

Jones. Fine! I just ran over your dog.

Ours is indeed a scientific age—an age of measurement.

Adams—Jefferson

ON the Fourth of July a hundred years ago John Adams and Thomas Jefferson died. Forty-six years later to the day Calvin Coolidge was born. It is a singular coincidence that this one day of the year on which the Nation celebrates its independence should thus be associated with three of its Presidents.

For about fourteen years before they died Adams and Jefferson exchanged letters in which they let their minds roam freely through many fields of knowledge and meditation. Are there any public men to-day capable of writing such letters as these? If it were possible to imagine Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson reaching a common level of understanding in old age, it might be possible to imagine them exchanging letters of comparable interest; but they were not merely political opponents, as Jefferson and Adams were—they were mutually uncongenial in mind and temperament, as Jefferson and Adams were not. For the first time these letters between two of the greatest Americans of an earlier day have been brought together and published in one volume.[1] The correspondence is not published in full, but as the editor, whose comments are not the least interesting part of the volume, says, "it is believed that what is here offered in part only, will give the substance and temper of the whole."

Adams was the older of the two. In replying to a letter in which Jefferson "let slip a Greek phrase or two," Adams reminded "the Late President Jefferson" of who was the senior by writing:

> Lord! Lord! what can I do with so much Greek? When I was your age, young man, that is seven or eight years ago, I felt a kind of pang of affection for one of the flames of my youth, and again paid my addresses to Isocrates and Dionysius of Halicarnassensis, &c., &c., &c.

Throughout the correspondence these septuagenarians lapsed naturally into classical quotations and allusions. Indeed, they were constantly citing writers of wide range. Not only politics and economics, as one might expect in political leaders, but religion, philosophy, history, literature, art, were their familiars. They had never lost in their activities the art of reading. In one of his letters Adams states casually that he has been reading "fifteen volumes of Grimm," and later remarks that he has secured twelve volumes of Charles François Depuis's "Origine de tous les Cultes." These two retired statesmen throughout the whole period of their correspondence were exchanging books and then comments upon their reading of them.

The very first letter that Adams wrote to Jefferson after the resumption of their friendship, which had lapsed for twelve years or so before this correspondence began, was to notify his friend in Virginia that he was sending him "two Pieces of Homespun lately produced in this quarter." In reply Jefferson, before receiving the gift, wrote a letter describing the household manufacturing in his neighborhood, only to find out that the "homespun" sent him from Massachusetts was "spun from the brain of John Quincy Adams" and consisted "in two Volumes of his Lectures on Rhetorick and oratory."

Among the topics they discussed were the Indians' "usage of hunting in circles" and a comparison of it with the practice of Genghis Khan's warriors; whether man was a rational creature; the character of Napoleon; whether one would live one's life over again; the place of aristocracy in democratic government; the comparison of Old Testament with New Testament morality; the comparison of Hebraism, paganism, and Christianity; the uses and abuses of grief, with references to the mock funerals at the death of political leaders.

Differing as these two men did in their ancestry and environment, opposed as they had been in matters of policy, they could not have been fundamentally far apart in their view of life. Adams pretty fairly summarizes their common view by

[1] Correspondence of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson (1812–1826). Selected with Comment by Paul Wilstach. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $2.75.

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this anecdote that he gives of the preacher Whitefield:

He began: "Father Abraham," with his hands and eyes gracefully directed to the heavens, as I have more than once seen him: "Father Abraham, whom have you there with you? Have you Catholics?" "No." "Have you Protestants?" "No." "Have you Churchmen?" "No." "Have you Dissenters?" "No." "Have you Presbyterians?" "No." "Quakers?" "No." "Anabaptists?" "No." "Whom have you there? Are you alone?" "No."

My brethren, you have the answer to all these questions in the words of my next text: "He who feareth God and worketh righteousness, shall be accepted of him."

Allegiance to the Creator and the Governor of the Milky Way, and the Nebulæ, and benevolence to all His creatures, is my Religion.

Has the education of our day provided the present generation with mental resources comparable in richness and extent to those upon which Adams and Jefferson, who lived on the edge of a wilderness, could draw for the nourishment of their minds and spirits?

Death in the Cab

THE recent collision on the Pennsylvania Railroad near Blairsville, in which fifteen persons perished, was caused by the failure of the engineer on the first of the two engines which were pulling the Cincinnati express to heed the signals. Whether he was dead or insensible when the express crashed into the train ahead of him, or had suffered one of those strange lapses of brain and perception which sometimes do paralyze action, or, as seems least likely, was simply negligent, the lesson is the same. The one protection against the always present danger of the "human equation," and also against such blinding fogs as caused the almost equally disastrous collision on the same road last fall near Monmouth Junction, is the automatic stop.

When a train is about to enter a block in which danger exists, it should be stopped mechanically and automatically. This very system is in full and successful action on the subways in New York City and has been tested by some railways, but not adopted to any great extent. It is said that outdoor conditions are unfavorable—that is, that snow or ice or water might interfere—but the same objection was made to the automatic signal system, which has been widely adopted, and every traveler on trunk lines may see how carefully and successfully the signal apparatus has been guarded from weather interference. The automatic signal is valuable; but the one thing it does not do is to provide against human carelessness or human inability to avert disaster. There are times when machine precision is preferable to human fallibility.

The whole history of railway development is full of instances of reluctance on the part of railways to accept safety devices that involve large cost. The safety coupling and the air-brake came into use very slowly and with railway managers pleading for more and more time for equipment.

If fatalities are to be reduced on our railways, the automatic stop system must be adopted or convincing proof given that it is impossible—not merely difficult and costly.

The Distributer

A MEMBER of The Outlook staff recently spent his vacation on his farm. He found his Negro tenant the proud possessor of a big, strong, fine draught mare which, the Negro said, had not cost him anything. It is an interesting story of sharp trading—or of service rendered.

A year ago the Negro—who may as well be called John for short, and also because it happens to be his name—had eight dollars in cash.

With the eight dollars he bought a male sheep from a man who had one male sheep more than he needed.

He swapped the male sheep for a set of harness and an old cart, and got a dollar to boot.

He swapped the harness and cart for a pony, and got a dollar and a half to boot.

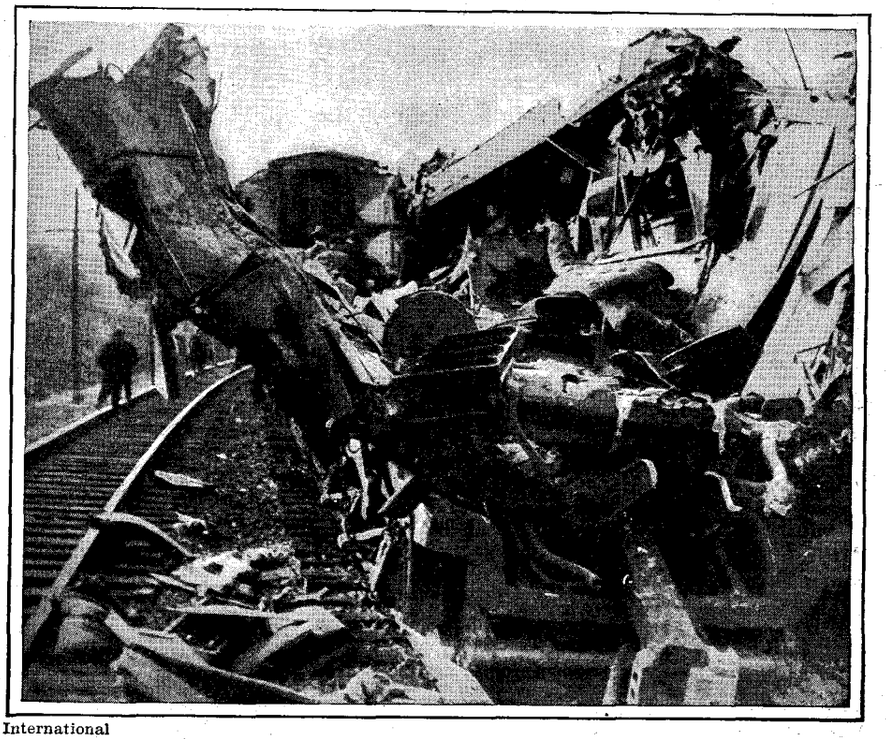
He swapped the pony for a milk cow, with only fifty cents to boot.

He swapped the cow, with the calf which she bore, for a saddle horse, and got three dollars to boot.

He swapped the saddle horse for an old brood mare, with foal, and got a dollar to boot.

When the mare foaled, he swapped her and her colt for the big draught mare, and got another dollar to boot. He had therefore his original eight dollars back, and the mare was clear "velvet"—exactly what he needed, too, for his heavy farm work.

It looks as though somebody must have lost. Certainly, no wealth had been created, and John had decidedly more wealth at the end than at the beginning. But let us see.



International

All that remains of what were once comfortable traveling conveyances after the rear-end crash of express trains near Blairsville

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The first man with whom John traded got rid of a harness and cart which he did not need and acquired a male sheep which he did need for his flock. He paid John, essentially, a dollar for bringing the sheep and taking away the cart and harness. The next man disposed of a pony for which he had no use and acquired articles useful to him. The third man had more cows than he needed, but did need a pony for his boy to ride to school. The fourth man needed a cow to give milk for his family, but, being a blacksmith with only a small plot of ground about his shop, did not have enough pasturage for both a horse and a cow—and he did not need the saddle horse, anyhow. A timber cruiser in another corner of the county did need a saddle horse, and the one he had used was useless to him because she was about to bear a colt. The big draught mare was idling her life away, kicking up her heels and snorting, in the pastures of a widow who rented out her tillable land, and therefore had no use for a draught animal. But the widow could turn the mare and colt loose in the pasture and let the colt grow into money.

The draught mare was useful to a farmer who had field crops to till. John could have found plenty of men of that kind; but he happened to be that kind of man himself, so he kept the mare. He had made her, clear, in seven trades. A sharp trader? Yes; not because he cheated anybody, but because in each case he sought out the person who needed that particular kind of property. John was a distributer, an efficient one, and got paid for his efficiency.

Some day this Negro will own a little farm, well stocked. And maybe some of his envious neighbors will say that he got his wealth by beating other people out of it. At any rate, people do say such things about individuals and corporations who acquire wealth by services in distribution not so simple and easily analyzed as John's are.

The Small College

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

THIS is the season of the year when the colleges have their innings and when the professors and teachers of liberal culture emerge from their lecture-rooms and mingle on terms of friendship and reminiscence with the alumni who were once their students and who are now men of affairs. No one can go through the exercises and ceremonies of a college commencement, either as a senior about to receive his sheepskin or as an "old grad" recalling his struggles with the curriculum and the examinations, without being impressed with the fact that personality is the greatest factor in education. I have quoted in these columns within two or three weeks the opinion of a great American educator, William James, on this matter. But it will bear repeating and reiterating. He said in one of his notable addresses that the prime function of education is to enable us to know a good man when we see him.

Few undergraduates realize this while they are suffering trying discipline at the hands of the faculty during their college days. But when they return to their college haunts for the tenth, or twentieth, or thirtieth, or fortieth reunion of their class its truth bursts upon them with astonishing force.

I have just come back from the forty-fifth reunion of my class at the Commencement of a New England college. It stands in a beautiful old Massachusetts village, not far from the banks of the Connecticut River. Its history is not as old or romantic as that of Oxford and Cambridge, but its loyal alumni have for it the same deep attachment that the graduates of Oxford and Cambridge have for the more hoary halls and far-reaching traditions of their ancient universities. The ex-students of this particular New England institution feel about it as Daniel Webster felt about Dartmouth. It is a small college, but there are those who love it. It has educated some distinguished men. On the roll of its graduates, for example, are the names of the present President of the United States and the present President of Johns Hopkins University. In the world of practical affairs and in the world of advanced culture this is considerable glory.

But, singularly enough, I did not find my classmates at their reunion dinner, or in their informal veranda or campus conversations, discussing these claims of their Alma Mater to their distinguished consideration. They talked most of a graduate and professor of the college of whom the world has heard little or nothing, and yet who wrought by his personality an influence that is difficult to describe and certainly cannot be measured. I had supposed that perhaps I was the only one who had in some mysterious way felt his peculiar power, that perhaps I had overestimated his quality, that possibly I had allowed sentiment to interfere with reason, and I almost hesitated to mention his name. But to my pleasurable surprise—for it gave me confidence in my own powers of introspection—I found that every returning member of the class felt as I did about him. One of the class, who holds a highly important and honorable office of a judicial character under the Federal Government at Washington and whose job it is to deal with intricate and unrelenting facts and figures of the National economy, visibly although momentarily lost control of his emotions during a reunion address in alluding with affection to his relations with this bygone teacher of nearly fifty years ago. Another, who has been engaged in the administration of large and important business enterprises, told me that he has had the photograph of this professor standing on his office desk for thirty years. If the subject of this photograph could have returned for the three days of Commencement from the land of the blest, I think he would have been the most surprised man in the universe, for he was the most unassuming and the least didactic teacher I have ever known. He never talked about honor or about moral and intellectual integrity. These qualities simply radiated from him. Let me try to tell his brief story, for it was a very brief one.

He came from a little hamlet not far from the college which gave him his education and to which he gave in return his short life. After graduating he went to Germany to pursue his studies in that branch of science—physics—which he had elected as his field of work. He had a genius for pure science, which I am now told impressed his colleagues at the time, and he brought back with him from Germany some new theories and discoveries in optics which might, if he had lived, have made him a famous man

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in the scientific world. Fitted by nature for research, it can only be imagined how the grind of teaching a lot of rather uninterested and unintelligent boys of twenty must have weighed upon him. But he never showed the slightest impatience. He was courtesy personified, although the rapidity with which his mind worked and the stupidity with which ours functioned often produced an atmosphere of surprise and perplexity in the lecture-room. But I will say this for our credit: We never held it against him that the celerity of his demonstrations on the blackboard frequently left us in hopeless bewilderment.

The limpid honesty of his mind was so natural and unsophisticated that it never occurred to him that intellectual dishonesty is one of the besetting sins of college undergraduates. By this I mean that the average undergraduate is instinctively willing to bluff his way through a recitation or an examination when he can. So it came about that this young professor was one of the first to introduce what is now known as the honor system in American college life. He did not do it formally, but spontaneously.

It happened in this way. At one important examination—I think a semi-annual examination in his course—after distributing the questions on which we were to write he said: "Gentlemen, I regret that an important engagement compels me to leave you. As you finish your papers lay them on my desk, and I will collect them when I return this evening."

As he left the room we looked at one another in amazement, but not a man violated his confidence. One man in particular, a cripple, whose mind was as brilliant as his record as a student was bad, got up, pulled his coat sleeves over his cuffs, which were covered with adventitious aids in the shape of formulæ and definitions, went to the desk, laid down his blank sheet, and limped out of the room, exclaiming, "Hell, he's too much for me!" He was conditioned, of course. But he had the satisfaction, of which perhaps he was not consciously aware, of gloriously passing a test of honor, although he ignominiously failed in a test of a knowledge of physics.

The professor of whom I am speaking died at Amherst, Massachusetts, when only thirty-five years old, in 1879. Some of his students were still talking about him at Amherst in this year of our Lord, 1926—not of his brilliance, not of his knowledge, not of the facts and theories which he taught, but of his personality. His name was Elihu Root, and he was, I believe, a distant cousin of that other Elihu Root who is to-day the foremost living publicist of America.

What the small college can do in the way of producing men of wide influence on American life is illustrated in the careers of these two Elihu Roots, one a product of Amherst, the other of Hamilton. The great universities perform a noble service in the advancement of learning. They deserve all the support which they are receiving from the munificence of American wealth. But the small college, while it cannot create great equipments in buildings, great research laboratories, and great organizations of technicians, can and does produce great teachers who ought not to be forgotten in the annals of American education.

Fascism Going Strong: Internal Affairs

By Elbert Francis Baldwin

The Outlook's Editor in Europe

THIS morning I saw Giolitti again. Though in the eighties, this statesman, repeatedly Premier, is still hale and hearty. Physically and mentally he towers above the average Italian.

A year and a half ago an Outlook correspondent in Rome, whose name I do not know, predicted Mussolini's early resignation and the King's summons to Giolitti to form a Cabinet. Neither event has yet occurred.

The correspondent asserted that Fascism had "lost its hold on the country" and had become "profoundly unpopular. It cannot last long; and though its fall will be postponed for a few months, . . . that fall is certain."

Eighteen months have passed, and Fascism has not fallen. On the contrary, it seems more popular than when the correspondent registered his forecast.

He wrote, it is true, at a time following the dreadful Matteotti murder, a time of just resentment by every right-thinking man concerning the excesses of intimidation. Fascism, as it had been practiced, then suffered some slump. But the conclusion that it could not last long would seem hardly to have considered its inherent force; certainly it did not appear to anticipate some events of the subsequent months.

THE first of all of them and the first of all facts during the past four years is Mussolini's increasing hold on the Italian people. Despite Fascism's faults, graphically portrayed by The Outlook's correspondent, the Italians as a whole, "of all classes from the intellectuals down to the poorest of the poor"—opposition to intimidation to the contrary—recognized two things. First, materially at least, they were better off than before; second, one man had wrought this.

They had seen their lands and homes invaded by extremists, their factories occupied and controlled by inefficient day laborers, their railway trains held up by Bolshevists, their Parliament become the plaything of politicians, and their soldiers insulted in the streets, even officers' chevrons being ripped off. Of course there was impatience under such misrule, for in Italy, as elsewhere, the state's first duty is to assure protection to life, liberty, and property.

The people were discouraged. Mere liberty had not brought with it necessary capacity for properly using liberty. Legislative rule by representative government had fallen down. What was the alternative? To surrender the cherished and traditional right of choosing a representative government and accept a dictatorship instead.

Well, why not? A man of rough-and-ready methods was at hand, a kind of Cromwell. For, despite all drawbacks, Benito Mussolini had shown astounding genius for organization. He said, "Here's my chance." And he took it.

He had been a very extreme Socialist. But, as he has explained:

> The Socialism of twenty-five years ago was very different from that of to-day. I was a Socialist, but within the party I never ceased to combat

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International

Mussolini, the cynosure of all eyes at home, is here pictured after inspecting a steamship of the Italian Merchant Marine

the parliamentary errors of its chiefs, the bureaucracy, the alliance with Freemasonry [different in Italy from that in America]. I did all possible to bring back the party to primeval purity. But in 1913 I realized that it was in vain. That was one of the reasons why I broke with the Socialist Party.

The other, the urgent reason, was the question of intervention in the Great War. The party chiefs, being pacifists, could not realize the imperious necessity of war. . . . That is why, in the autumn of 1914, I quitted the Socialist Party, for which I had endured poverty and exile.

He swung clear. He entered the war. He was wounded. He recoiled from Socialist disdain for the army. He could espouse some extreme methods, but not that. He longed for discipline to awaken the nation's patriotism. So he founded a new movement and for its symbol took the old Roman fasces to express confidence in the state's power and force. The movement grew apace. It triumphantly defied Bolshevism. It finally downed the old parliamentary régime itself.

MUSSOLINI received plenary power and began to work with a Fascist Parliament. He reorganized the Government departments. Not only did he reduce the large number of bureaucrats; he brought efficiency where before was shiftlessness. To the taxpayer he saved expense; even if his Fascist militia now cost 28,000,000 lire a year (about a million dollars), its five branches, especially the railway branch, have been worth the expense. The Budget deficit grew less. There was juster taxation. There was less bribery. Finally, the Dictator—the Duce, or leader, as his followers prefer to call him—inspired all Italians, especially the youth, with a passionate spirit of nationalism, love of country, sacrifice. The people were no longer the Italians of a decade previous. With all this vividly in the popular mind, Mussolini overcame a passing unpopularity and did not fall "in a few months," as had been predicted.

Then came the emphasis of success striven for against great odds. Intimidation, whether from Fascists or Socialists, grew less, and the people in general could actually go about their daily tasks in peace. Strikes also became fewer. Not many persons were out of work. Home capital was more confident. And now, in consequence, Italy began to enjoy increasing prestige abroad. Foreign capital was naturally attracted by labor cheaper than elsewhere and showing marked willingness to work, as well as by Italy's huge potentiality in water power. This economic eminence was finally crowned by the administration's financial success in its agreements with the American and British Governments, canceling most of the war debt to them and providing for reasonable remittances in harmony with Italy's capacity to pay. Coincidentally the Government Budget, recording the highest surplus reached since the formation of the Italian Kingdom, revealed Italy's real position, not only in state finance but in all its economic components.

FOLLOWING this came a welcome by the majority of Italians to Fascism's most interesting experiment; in Mussolini's words at the time, "the most hazardous, audacious, and therefore the most revolutionary reform introduced by the Fascist Government in its forty months of power." It completely abolished previous labor legislation, buried the Socialist unions, and established compulsory adjudication in all disputes. The Duce proclaimed: "The old Marxist doctrine of class warfare must be replaced by a *lotta di capacita*" (a warfare of efficiency).

The new law allows the formation in each district of unions, whether of laborers or of employers. Collective contracts are to be acknowledged and enforced by the state. Lockouts and strikes are forbidden. A special magistracy and court, with jurisdiction to settle all disputes, are constituted. Ultimate recourse, however, may be had to the Court of Appeal; its decision is final. Commenting on the new law, Mussolini remarked:

In its conception of capitalism, Fas-

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cism is in direct contrast with Socialism. According to Socialist theories, capital belongs to every one and the "capitalist" is a vampire. According to our doctrine, capitalism, with its advantages and disadvantages, has had behind it centuries of experience, and where attempts have been made to abolish it it has always returned. The Socialist conception, identifying capitalism with certain individuals and asserting that they delight to exploit the poor proletariat, is a false conception. . . .

Capital and labor are not two antagonistic terms; they are complementary. One cannot exist without the other. Consequently they should understand each other. . . .

Certainly the state now assumes great responsibilities. But, in my view, everything is in the state; nothing is outside the state; above all, nothing must be against the state.

In such a centralized syndical state the old Italian decentralization and communal authority once distinguishing Italy is relegated to the rear.

SUCH successes indicate a number of reasons why, with regard to internal politics, Fascism is still going strong and why Mussolini has not resigned his post.

Milan.

Mussolini has quieted his household—but Mr. Baldwin will tell next week of mutterings among the neighbors

A Dry County in a Wet State

By ERNEST W. MANDEVILLE

"PROHIBITION can be enforced," says District Attorney Alberti Baker, of Schoharie County, New York.

In evidence he offers his own county —once sopping wet, but now, according to Mr. Baker, bone dry. All this in the heart of a State notoriously wet, a State which has repealed its own enforcement act and passed the responsibility on to the Federal Government.

You probably wonder how this country district attorney, who works practically single-handed, accomplished this result. Hard work and the will to succeed, almost every one admits, were the causes of Mr. Baker's success. There seems to be no reason why other district attorneys, if they so wish, cannot follow his example.

Mr. Baker took office in 1924. He found Schoharie County pretty wide open as far as drinking was concerned. There had been little effort to enforce the Volstead Act. He found that the whole burden of "drying up" the 642 square miles of his district was placed directly upon his shoulders. He could expect little support from the sheriff, whom he considers a wet. The towns of his county are off the main railroad and motor lines and the Federal prohibition agents in Albany only enter Schoharie County when summoned. The Mullan-Gage State Enforcement Law had been repealed and the repeal approved by Governor Smith, known to be a wet sympathizer. Other district attorneys and police chiefs of the State were doing little or nothing toward the enforcement of the Volstead Act. It was considered to be the business of the Federal Government. Mr. Baker's county had been one of the largest hop-growing counties of the State. Many farmers were growing wealthy by producing this important beer ingredient. They have been put out of business as far as the hop industry is concerned, and it will be readily understood that in his attempt to enforce the Volstead Act Mr. Baker had to face many antagonisms which would not be found elsewhere.

But District Attorney Baker won his office by a promise to the women voters that he would correct the laxity in the enforcement of the law. He promised them that he would make prohibition a fact in Schoharie County. For the first few months he made little headway; but then, by adopting legal measures which had not previously been used, he struck terror into the hearts of all bootleggers, saloon-keepers, and the owners of property which might be involved through their tenants' selling of liquor.

Mr. Baker claims to be the first county prosecutor to make use of Section 22 of Title 2 of the National Prohibition Law, which permits such an officer to bring actions in equity in the State Supreme Court to close buildings and other places where intoxicating liquors are possessed or sold. This section (the significant words of which I italicize) reads as follows:

> An action to enjoin any nuisance defined in this title may be brought in the name of the United States by the Attorney-General of the United States or by *any United States attorney or any prosecuting attorney of any State or any subdivision thereof* or by the commissioner or his deputies or assistants. Such action shall be brought and tried as an action in equity and may be brought *in any court having jurisdiction to hear and determine equity cases*. If it is made to appear by affidavits or otherwise, to the satisfaction of the court, or judge in vacation, that such nuisance exists, a temporary writ of injunction shall forthwith issue restraining the defendant from conducting or permitting the continuance of such nuisance until the conclusion of the trial.

Finding the Federal Court crowded with many cases, District Attorney Baker concluded that he could accomplish little through that channel. So he himself brought action in the name of the United States in the State Supreme Court, and, inasmuch as under the law these cases are not triable by jury, justice moved rapidly. The Hon. Charles E. Nichols, of Cobleskill, Schoharie County, New York, was the first justice of a Supreme Court to grant an injunction and judgment in such an action in New York State.

Because District Attorney Baker brought his actions in the State Court, which was nearer and more accessible and held more frequent terms, and because Judge Nichols co-operated by holding court even during his vacation periods, it was possible to close and padlock every building in Schoharie County known to be selling liquor. The judgments provided that there should be posted on conspicuous parts of the closed buildings notices containing the following words:

> CLOSED BY ORDER OF
> CHARLES E. NICHOLS,
> JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT.

Bootleggers care little for the nominal fines usually imposed upon them when convicted. Jail sentences may prevent their activities for a season, but such sentences are usually short, except in the cases of extreme violations. But in the case of padlocking the buildings a different situation arises. The property of the owner or tenant is rendered useless for a

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time. The occupant is automatically out of business and finds it a hard task to find any other property-owner who will risk his property by such a rental. The Court has found that even if the property-owner knows nothing of the violation of the law upon his property (he may even be in Shanghai) his building may be padlocked nevertheless.

Two of District Attorney Baker's cases were litigated on appeal in the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, and the Court upheld the validity and propriety of the procedure under Section 22, referred to.

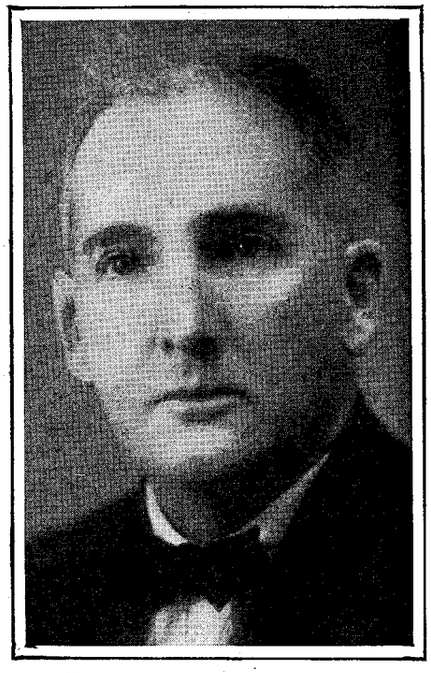
Mr. Baker is now trying out another method of prosecuting liquor-sellers. He has indicted two bootleggers as public nuisances under Section 1530 of the State Penal Law. The legality of these actions will soon be passed upon by the Appellate Division of the New York State Supreme Court as the result of a ruling just made by Judge Horace W. Fitch, who overruled a demurrer raised against such an indictment.

As a result of this form of law enforcement Schoharie County appears to be truly dry. In my travels about the county I did find minor violations of the law, but I believe that the aridity of the county is as great as the most optimistic prohibitionist could hope for. I believe that the Volstead Law is about as well enforced in this county as the laws against assault, larceny, or murder.

For this credit is due District Attorney Baker. He has worked hard and long. He has gone out upon many an investigation himself. He has impressed the would-be violators of the law with the fact that he cannot be trifled with, and with the additional fact that if they persist in their violations they will be brought to speedy and effective justice.

Hotel barrooms which were famous for their rowdyism have been, through Mr. Baker's efforts, turned into soda fountains—and not the type of soda fountain either which sells booze as a side-line.

The cashier of the Schoharie bank, Robert A. Dewey, pointed out a store which, he said, used to be a vile and notorious saloon—not only during the days when the law licensed it, but even on Sundays and long after the Volstead Act was passed. Mr. Dewey said that it was not unusual to see fifty drunks in front of the old saloon. They would sit there, he said, shout at the passers-by, spit out from the porch, and conduct themselves in a way that even the high school principal—not to say anything about the ladies—had to cross the street in order to get by this place. "During those days we were very much overhoteled," Mr. Dewey said. "We had many hotels that we did not need, and not a single good one. This was because men set up in the hotel business simply to sell booze. These men were getting rich from the degeneracy of the town's inhabitants. I know this for a fact because I saw the huge daily deposits come in this bank. Now it is entirely different. Former saloon customers are now



District Attorney Alberti Baker

depositing their money to their own accounts and are becoming well-to-do. The old soaks are now good citizens."

Another notorious liquor den of a short time ago is now an enterprising electrical store. These are only a few instances of the result of District Attorney Baker's padlock proceedings. Many of the saloon operators, when they sensed the energy and effectiveness of Mr. Baker's campaign, closed up shop voluntarily and left the county for more favorable regions.

Although credit is given to Mr. Baker for his effective work, the solid citizens of the county—who are drys themselves—feel that their District Attorney has become fanatical and that he is now interesting himself in persecution as well as prosecution. With the absence of large bootlegging operations to investigate or to prosecute, it is said that Mr. Baker busies himself with unfounded rumors concerning the sipping of liquor at private dances by some of the finest young women of the county; also that he is entering homes and destroying hard cider and home-made wines, which some few folk still make for their own family use. Of course one would expect to have such an energetic prosecutor denounced by people who like their liquor themselves; but when the respectable drys also put forth criticisms they must be taken seriously. It is also true that Schoharie County voted for local option before the passing of the Eighteenth Amendment. But the county did not become dry in fact until a year ago.

I went about the county of Schoharie making an investigation of my own. It is a truly rural section. The largest town is Cobleskill, which has about 2,500 inhabitants. The other towns—Middleburg, Schoharie, and others—are of about 1,000 inhabitants each. I found it to be a fact that drunkenness is almost a thing of the past. It is a very rare occasion for any one to see an intoxicated person, and then, no matter who that person may be, Mr. Baker sees to his arrest on the charge of disorderly conduct.

In Middleburg the editor of the local paper told me that when he and his wife moved to the village two years ago his wife remarked that she had never seen such a town for drunkenness. She was afraid to go on the streets unaccompanied. Now neither he nor his wife ever sees a drunken person.

I did find several places where one could get a drink of hard cider, and some of the young people told me of a drug-store in one of the villages where they could obtain gin. However, it is only to be expected that one could find some violations of the law that the District Attorney does not know about. Viewed as a whole, Schoharie County is the desert spot of New York State.

In Mr. Baker's padlock proceedings in the State court he has been able to get a ruling allowing costs to the plaintiff. Mr. Baker's plan has been to turn over these costs to the county treasury. He now believes, however, that he can get the Court to hold that the costs to which the plaintiff is entitled belong to the district attorney who brings the action. This, he contends, will give a money incentive to district attorneys of all counties to prosecute prohibition cases. The prosecutor of Steuben County, New York, has already followed the lead of Mr. Baker.

"Of course," says Mr. Baker, "attorneys must devote time and effort to the prosecution of such cases, but the main thing to remember is that bootleggers and rum-sellers must be handled with a drastic hand. They must be made to understand that the prosecution is in earnest, and that no favors are to be shown. Then these attorneys will find that their districts will dry up quickly."

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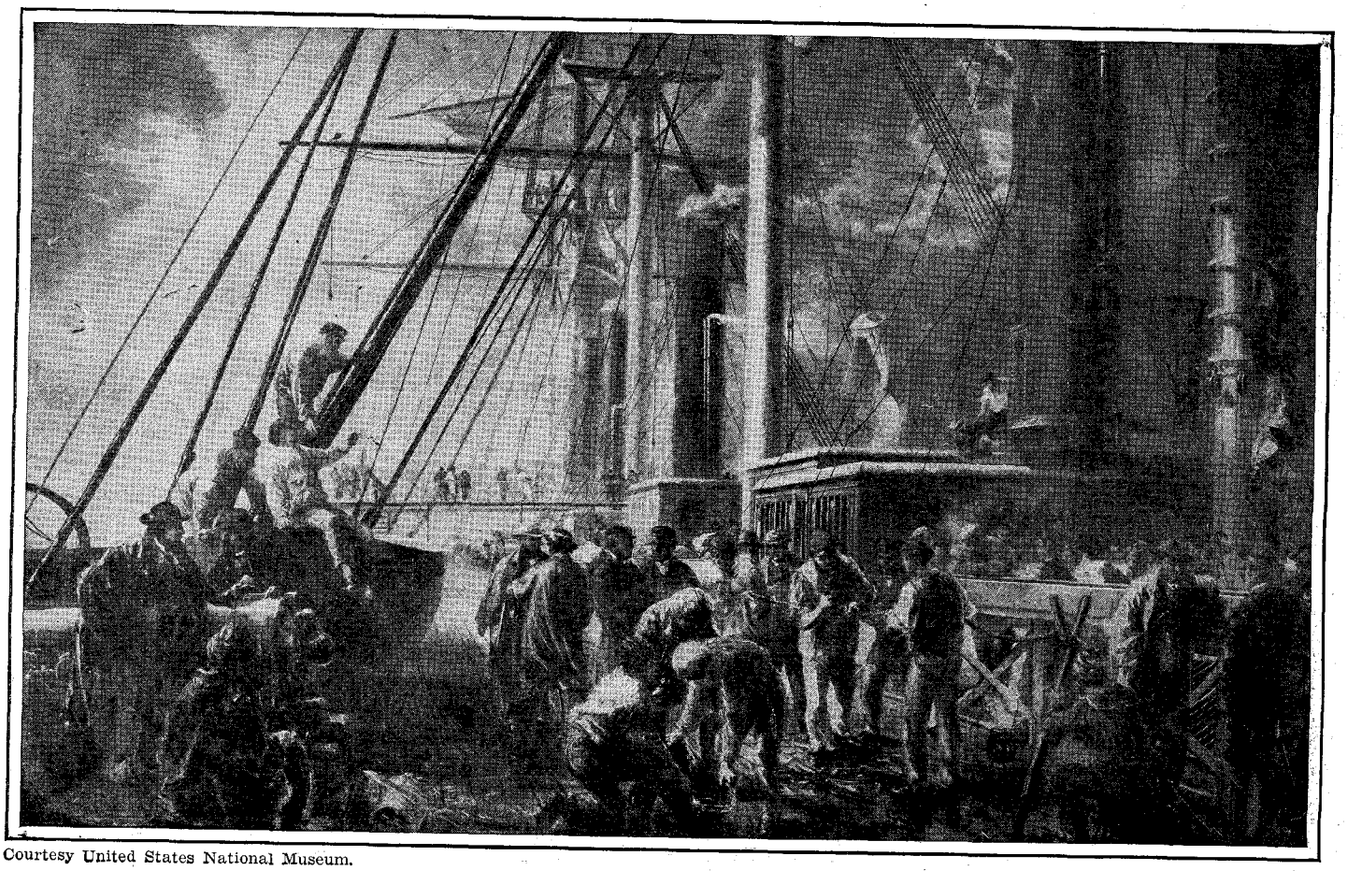


Courtesy United States National Museum.

A milestone in wire history

Splicing the Atlantic cable on board the Great Eastern, off Valentia, Ireland, July 13, 1866. Painting by Robert Dudley in the United States National Museum

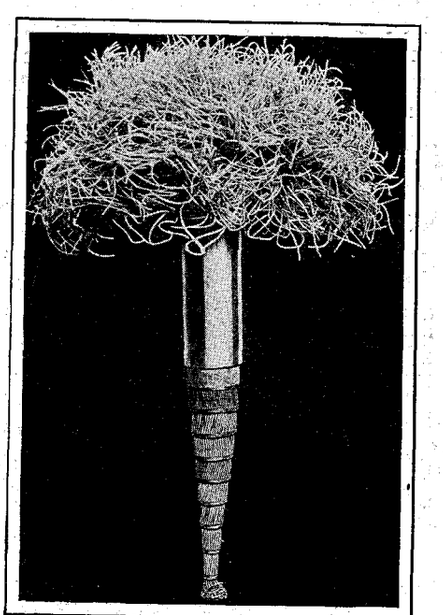
The Romance of the Wires

By CHARLES FITZHUGH TALMAN

THE Romance of the Wires is no older than some men living in the world to-day. Its public beginning was on May 24, 1844, when Washington asked Baltimore electrically that historic question to which the answer has not yet been fully given, "What hath God wrought?" Its end is not in sight, despite the advent of the rival Romance of Wireless.

The telegraph, telephone, and power conductors of the Nation form a system of highways and byways about fifteenfold as vast in mileage as that comprising the roads, streets, and railways. The total length in the one case is in excess of fifty-three million miles; in the other, upward of three and a half million. The telephone is responsible for all but about three million miles of the enormous network of wireways. Our electric wires contain more than a billion pounds of copper, besides a fair percentage of other metals. So much for mere magnitude.

When the first submarine cable was laid between Dover and Calais, as recently as 1851, the public regarded the enterprise as a mad freak or an infamous swindle. So unfamiliar was the process of telegraphy that people generally supposed it consisted of pulling a wire, after the manner of the old-fashioned house bell. The critics gravely pointed out that the bottom of the Channel was too rough for such a process. This episode is worth recalling, because it illustrates how strange, novel, and nonsensical, from the point of view of practical humanity only one human lifetime ago, was the idea of transmitting energy and intelligence by means of an inert rod of metal. No messenger from Mars could nowadays propound a notion that would seem more fantastic from our present standpoint.



From American Tel. & Tel. Co.

1,200-pair underground telephone cable "fanned out"

The romances of science and invention deserve a far bigger place in the history books than has hitherto been granted to them. Whatever criteria in the selection of material may have seemed valid to the historians of a generation ago, it is inconceivable that any one with a broad outlook on human affairs who writes history to-day should regard the Trojan War as a more important event—or one of greater romantic interest—than the invention of the electric telegraph, for example.

It has long been the practice of pedagogues to make schoolboys familiar with

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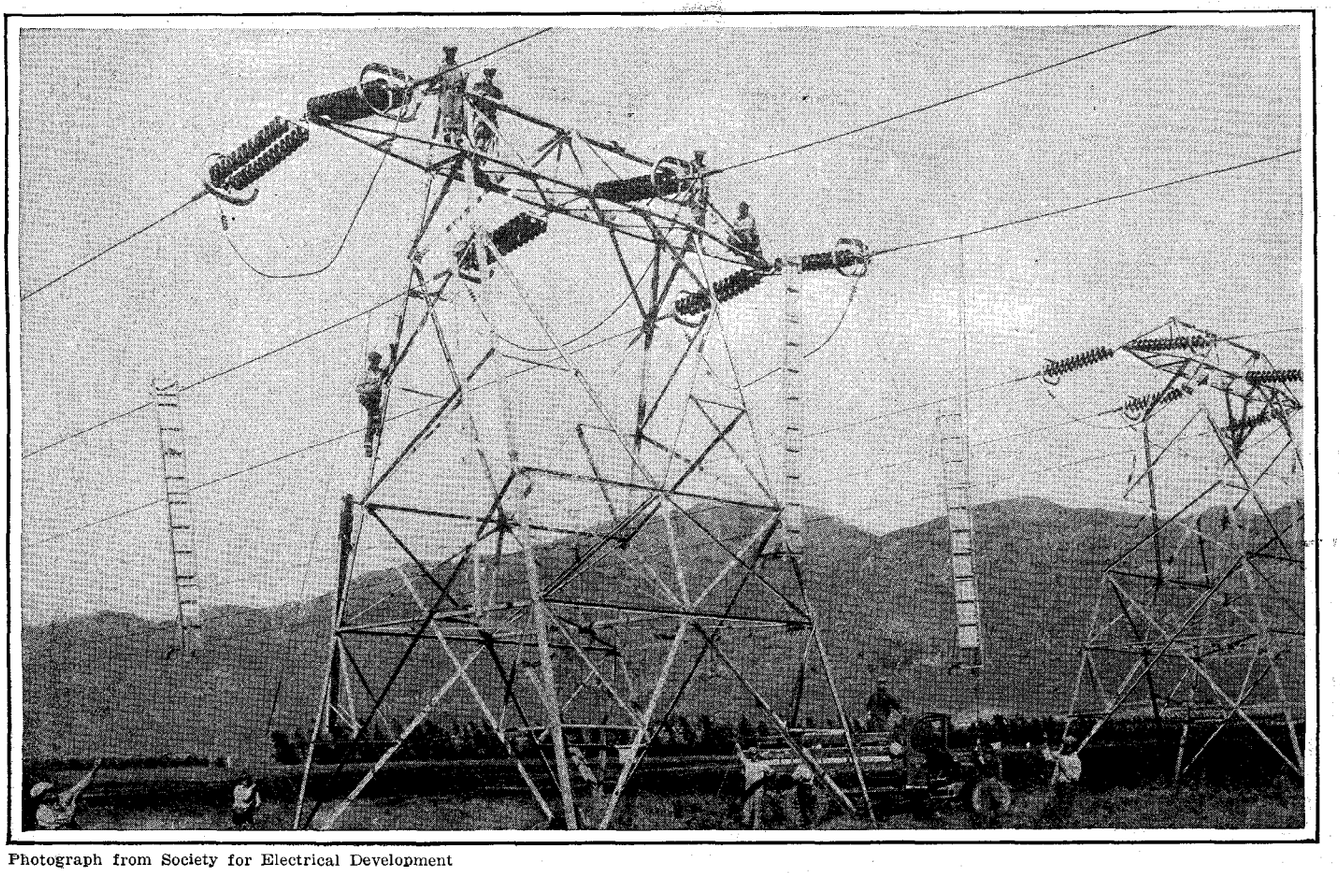
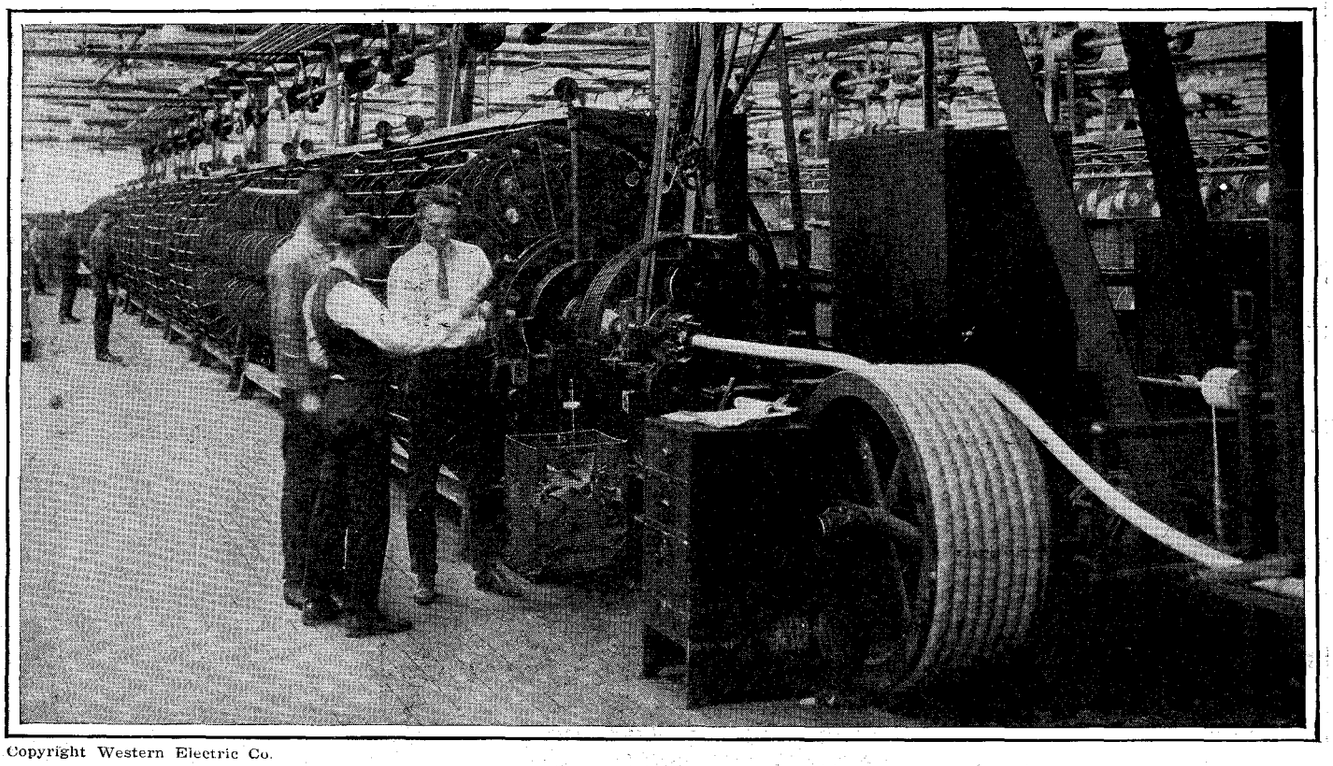


Photograph from Society for Electrical Development

Erecting one of California's giant power lines

The hydroelectric systems providing power for the Pacific coast rank among the greatest engineering works in the world. The picture was taken during the construction of a line 270 miles long, carrying current at 220,000 volts, on the Big Creek-San Joaquin project of the Southern California Edison Company. The whole project will not be finished before 1935 and will have cost more than the Panama Canal. The cables are of aluminum, reinforced with steel. Note the huge strings of insulators, of special design to prevent the electrical breakdown of the air under the extremely high voltage



Copyright Western Electric Co.

Making telephone cable—the stranding machine

This machine takes pairs of copper wire, after they have been insulated with paper, and twists them into the single great rope, or "core," seen coming from the end of the machine. The core is subsequently sheathed with lead. Part of the pairs are twisted in one direction and part in the other. This stranded arrangement of the wires is necessary to provide flexibility. If the pairs were all run straight through, the cable could not be bent without stretching some of the wires and kinking others

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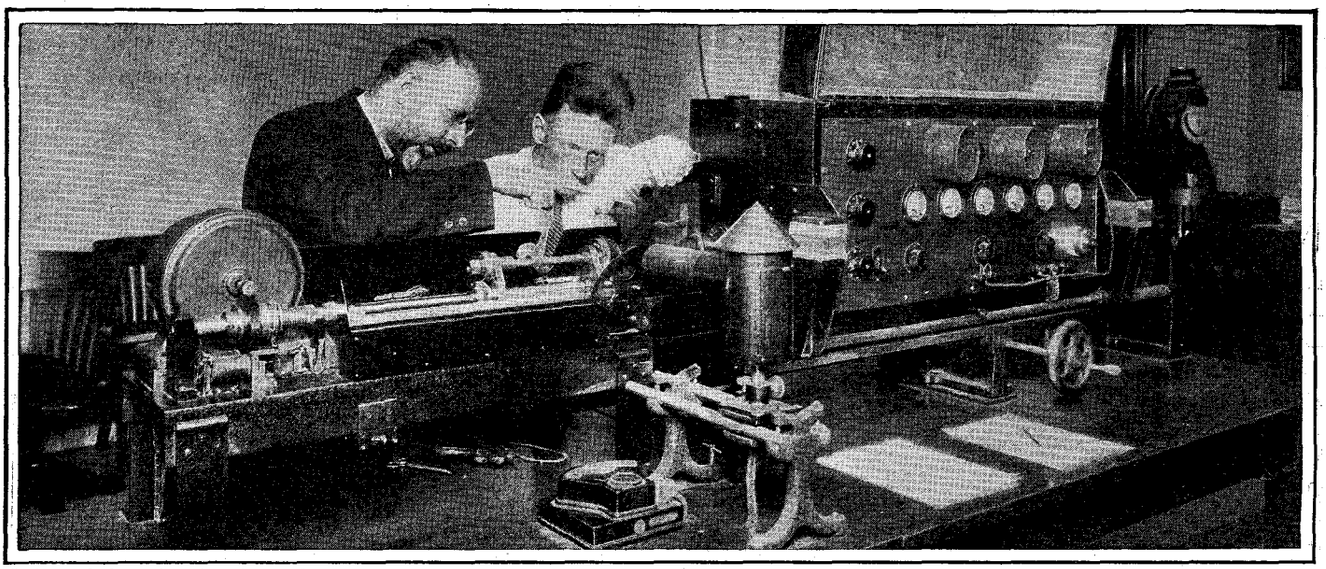
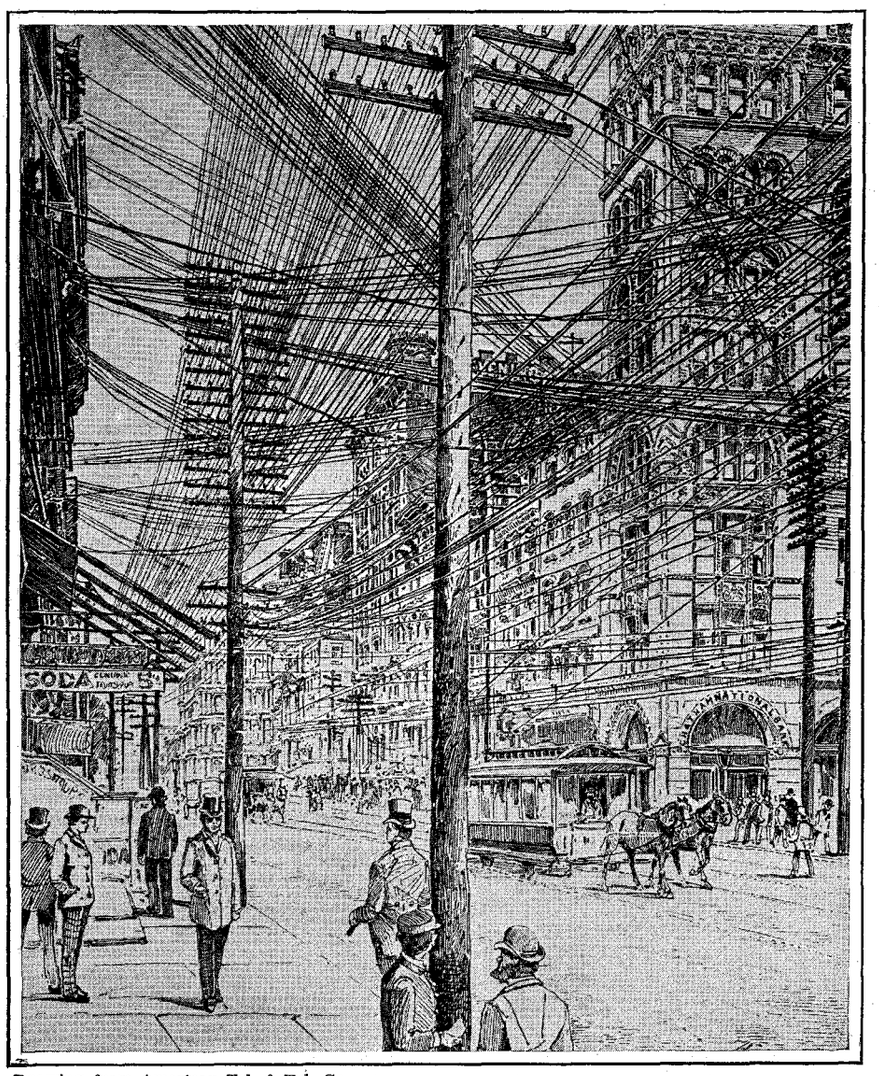


Photograph from American Tel. & Tel. Co.

The latest chapter in the romance—sending a picture by wire

The picture is first copied photographically on a transparent film, which is then moved before a beam of light until the beam has passed through all parts of the picture. The intensity of the transmitted light varies as it passes through darker and lighter parts of the film. Falling on a photoelectric cell, it causes corresponding variations in the strength of an electric current. At the receiving end—perhaps a thousand miles away—the varying current causes variations in another beam of light, which, in turn, acts upon an unexposed photographic film, moving synchronously with the transmitting film, thus forming a duplicate negative of the original picture. This process is used for transmitting documents, signatures, finger-prints, etc., as well as pictures



Drawing from American Tel. & Tel. Co.

Lower Broadway in 1890, before the days of underground cables

Showing the "forest of wires" at the most exuberant stage of its growth

Lawrence's disobeyed injunction, "Don't give up the ship," and with John Adams's mistaken deathbed assertion, "Thomas Jefferson still survives." Is it not timely, in this semi-centennial year of the telephone, to introduce into school-books along with these classic memorabilia the ejaculation of Alexander Graham Bell on March 10, 1876—the first words ever spoken and understood over a wire—"Mr. Watson, come here, I want you"?

Why should the Field of the Cloth of Gold and the Man in the Iron Mask be matters of greater notoriety in the third decade of the twentieth century than the multiplex printing telegraph or the telephone loading coils and repeaters that enable you to talk across a continent?

As for deeds of prowess and determination, they are performed every day by the men who lay and maintain the wires; who, for instance, lately spent seven years in building the New York-Chicago telephone cable—nearly twice as long as any other in the world—bridging rivers, scaling the Alleghany Divide, hauling and putting in place cable reels weighing nearly 5,000 pounds, dragging ton-weight loading-pots up almost perpendicular mountainsides, making more than five million intricate wire splices, with no thought that they were doing anything beyond the day's work.

The speed of submarine telegraphy has just been increased fivefold by the introduction of a new substance, permalloy, in the manufacture of cables. Will not future chroniclers call this event as historic as Paul Revere's ride and the Boston Tea Party? If not, why not?

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Jonathan Edwards

Consistent Theologian

By Don C. Seitz

Mr. Seitz has written a tract for the times:

If Jonathan Edwards were in the flesh to-day, he would be counted theologically an extreme Fundamentalist. He was ousted from his church at Northampton, Massachusetts, because his views about church membership were too strict to suit the people of his church and town even in that day. For many years the church at Northampton had admitted to its membership persons who were unwilling to avow any religious faith. It did this on the theory that the Lord's Supper was a converting ordinance and the irreligious, by partaking of communion, might become religious. Jonathan Edwards concluded that this lax mode of admission was not in accord with Scripture. Practically all churches have since come to Jonathan Edwards's view, however broadly they may interpret religious confession.

But Fundamentalist though Jonathan Edwards was, he did not try to force his views on others, nor did he sit in judgment on those whose views he counted heresy. Rather, all that he asked was that he be heard.

Of him the Fundamentalists of to-day might learn good will and charity toward those whom they think to be led away from the straight path of orthodoxy. And of him the Modernists too, now that the tables are turned, might learn how to bear themselves when persecuted for righteousness' sake.

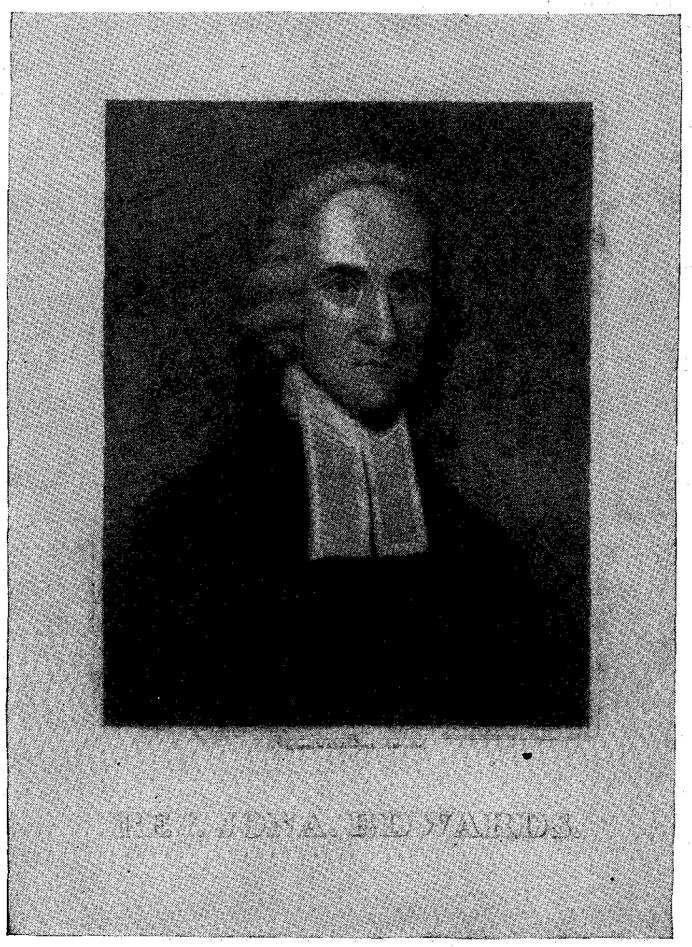
Perhaps Jonathan Edwards's theology may seem antiquated —but not his religion.—The Editors.

If he had not chosen to be a theologian, Jonathan Edwards would have been a great scientist—possibly a great inventor. He chanced to live at a time when the field for the last two callings was too limited to afford occupation to his great intellect. Otherwise, it is more than probable that his repute would have been widely different from what it is to-day. The evidences of his scientific tendencies begin with his early youth. As a twelve-year-old boy he is found making and recording studies of spiders that evince the highest degree of observation and understanding. Notes on natural science left by him indicate a bent that would have made him a rival of Sir Isaac Newton, Tyndall, Huxley, and Darwin had he followed it further. In modern days he would have been an expert on psychology. As it was, he became a master theologian and logician.

Correctly he assumed that man was at war with the Divine purpose, basing the conclusion on the Bible, which teaching he accepted without a quarrel. Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding" influenced him much. There exist no clearer disquisitions on the tricks and habits of the human mind than those disclosed by Edwards. Like the public trust in Jim Bludsoe's cussedness, Edwards saw in man an unregenerate animal intent upon his own purposes who needed to be put under curb. He held that rewards and punishments were necessary in dealing with him, and that because of man's injustices and cruelties to man there was need of a general judgment day. This he put off until the end of the world—a theory that would appear to work to the advantage of the wicked and unjustly to that of the deserving. Offhand, it seems a long time to wait for settling accounts with a sinner.

Though holding that punishment, even so long postponed, was certain, Edwards did not close the door. He only asked for repentance and conformity to the rules of the Church. This view cost him his pulpit in Northampton, Massachusetts, when he set aside the easy habit of his Grandfather Stoddard and refused to acknowledge as rightfully within the folds of communion those who did not subscribe to the letter of the doctrine.

He was beloved by his flock, but, as it would not permit a reclassification that sent so many to the sinner's bench, he retired from a pulpit he had made great. He condemned no one to everlasting punishment, and it is impossible in reading his sermons to scent brimstone to the extent alleged against him. But if any one elected to prefer sulphur to paradise, he pointed out the prospects with pitiless logic. His premise, taken from the Bible, that man and God were



Note.—The portrait of Jonathan Edwards on this page is reproduced from "The Works of President Edwards," published by G. & C. & H. Carvill, New York, 1830.

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at war, left no other course. The man was a master reasoner, and there are no holes in his sermons if the fundamentals be accepted.

In making up his mind he did not confine his reading to the Bible. This was no narrow zealot, but a great intellect that considered all things attainable, gave them due credit for their merit, and then carried on to a logical conclusion. There must be faith or nothing. Faith meant the acceptance of Bible dicta. This acceptance carried with it all the consequences for good or evil laid down in the sacred Book.

The philosophy of the ancients did not move, although it interested, him, because it was without faith. "The doctrine taught in the Scriptures," he observes, "that at the end of the world all mankind shall stand together before the judgment seat of the supreme Lawgiver and Judge, to have all things visibly set to rights, and judgment made visibly to take place with respect to all the persons, actions and affairs of the moral world, by the infinitely wise, holy and just Head of it—is a most reasonable doctrine, and much commends itself to our belief, from the reason of the thing, on the supposition of a moral government maintained over the world by him who created it."

In other words, if the actions of mankind are kept track of under a heavenly system of bookkeeping, the books must some time be balanced!

He believed also that the sins of fathers were visited upon their children, which makes one wonder a bit what he did to darken the life of his celebrated grandson, Aaron Burr. *Per contra:* "In a like manner, persons, by their virtue, may be great benefactors to mankind, through all succeeding generations." He held very soundly that "all generations of men from the beginning to the end of the world, are morally concerned one with another." Further, "Public societies cannot be maintained without trials and witnesses. And if witnesses are not firmly persuaded, that he who holds the supreme power over them, is omniscient, just and powerful, and will revenge falsehood, there will be no dependence upon these oaths, or most solemn declarations. God, therefore, must be the supreme magistrate. Society depends absolutely upon him."

He could see among the Chinese, Indians of North America, Africans, and Tartars, after five thousand years, no progress toward true religion other than the "worship of sticks and stones," while the Chinese, "after offering largely to their gods, and being disappointed of their assistance, sometimes sue them for damages and obtain decrees against them from the mandarin," and the Tyrians, "a wise people," when "Alexander laid siege to their city, chained Apollo to Hercules, to prevent their giving them the slip."

Socrates, whom he deemed truly great, "had nothing to erect a scheme of religion and morality on, but the scattered fragments of truth handed down from time immemorial by his countrymen, or imported by Pythagoras, Thales and others who had been to Egypt and the East." He "reasoned extremely well against the prevailing errors of his time, but was able to form no system of religion or morality." Plato was "wiser than his teacher (a much greater man), because his lights were better. . . . He ventured upon a system and maintained that virtue is a science, . . . that there is but one God, the fountain of all being and superior to all essence; that he hath a son called the world; that there is a judgment to come, by which the just who have suffered in this life shall be recompensed in the other and the wicked punished eternally."

So Plato was sound on a doctrine that followed long after him!

Edwards was a marvel of learning and intellectual activity. His works fill ten massive volumes, aggregating some six thousand octavo pages. Yet his life was short—only fifty-five years. Coming upon the heels of the Mathers and the fantastic bigotries of the Puritans, he reduced doctrine to reason and backed up reason with logic. He split no hairs, and held out no mercy to the wicked. They shut the gates of paradise upon themselves. Then he turned the key.

Yet in reading his work, as I have done, rather casually, it is quite clear that he was no fanatic, no persecutor of men. He located the rules and left them to be respected or disregarded at will. In other words, he held out the warning red flag, but did not stand on the track.

Britain's Superfluous Women

By Mary Dewhurst Blankenhorn

"TWO Million Extra Women in Britain," say the newspaper headlines, and the papers go on to put the question: "What shall these women who cannot marry and may not work do with themselves in these post-war days? what place is there for them in a country with a million and a half unemployed? what solution is there for the problem?"

Perhaps no solution is possible; but people in England never stop trying to find the answer. Teachers write books about it, preachers use it for their text, and every day—more often every night—the lonely individuals who make up that "surplus two million" ponder on what lies ahead, and wonder how they can endure to see it through.

The question itself is not a new one, but it has become acute in these years after the Great War. Because of their far-flung Empire, which has called to men rather than women, there have been for generations (ever since the invention of the steam-engine made over-population possible) more women than men in the British Isles. This disproportion of women to men is the reverse side of the state of affairs in the colonies and the United States, where there are always more men than women. During 1914–18 a million men between the ages of twenty and forty-five died for England; another million came home gassed, shell-shocked, or blind.

When the war came to an end in November, 1918, women of a marriageable age found themselves facing the fact that the men whom they would normally expect to know, flirt with, be friends with, and to marry or refuse to marry lay in Flanders Field, in Gallipoli, or at the bottom of the sea. Thousands and thousands of men limped back, ghosts of the gay lads they once had been. These women saw that their friends and sweethearts were swept away while they remained, expected to carry on as before just as if nothing had happened. "As you were" was their order of the day.

SOME of these women had already married; they had been swept up into the maelstrom of war excitement. After the briefest of romances, after a courtship which mocked the name, came for them a hurried wedding, a few short days of honeymoon with their strange young husbands, and then the long farewell. War widows were left with only feverish, hectic memories. They counted themselves the lucky ones—for at least they had their memories. The moment had been theirs.

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Not only to herself but to her sisters the young widow is to be envied. "Better to have loved and lost," says the girl who was twenty-five when the war ended and is now thirty-three. Sometimes the widow answers, "I wonder," but the girl never heeds her. She knows her own bitterness. After five years of absorbing work from 1914 to 1918 (for every able-bodied young woman in Britain worked her hardest during the war) here she is, left to twiddle her thumbs.

But, you say, why shouldn't she work now? What's to prevent her finding a hard, interesting, perhaps exciting job which will take her out of herself, give her the satisfaction of knowing that she has done good work, and make her tired enough to sleep? Why in the world doesn't she go out and get a job?

Oh, thrice lucky American girl! You don't know how blessed you are. If you want to marry, there's generally nothing to stop you; and if you want a career instead, again there's nothing to prevent. You don't live in a "right little, tight little island" so overcrowded that there are 701 people to the square mile, as against 35 in our blessed United States. You know nothing of a chronic army of unemployed.

When the soldiers came back from France after the Armistice, the first to give them back their former jobs were these same girls who had stepped into their shoes during the years of war. That was right, and the girls expected it. What they did not expect was that when the industrial depression of 1921 came these same soldiers would be turned into the streets to compete with them in hunting for new work. When there are a million men seeking a job, what chance has a woman? With so many men willing to take any pittance that will keep them off the dole, employers seldom think of hiring girls.

Over in England women have never had the same wide choice of careers which we have carved out for ourselves in the New World; to show what I mean, I take just two usual professions in which American women have met with much success—advertising and real estate. After two years in Britain I had yet to hear of one woman running her own real estate business, and this in a land where "estate agents" jostle each other in every street. Such a thing as turning over to a woman the collection of rents or the upkeep of a building with the renting of its offices and flats is totally unknown in England, and won't be tried for twenty years, even though, being a sort of glorified housekeeping job, it is peculiarly the sort of work in which women are competent. As for advertising—none of the girls leaving British colleges nor the older women in newspapers or in schoolrooms ever think of applying for such work. Those two professions and many others simply aren't done in England by women.

Of course, there is always housework; no civilization ever had enough servants, I suppose. Being waited upon is a matter of course in England. There's about ten times as much of it as with us.

"THRICE lucky American girl!" says Mrs. Blankenhorn. "If you want to marry, there's generally nothing to stop you; and if you want a career instead, again there's nothing to prevent."

This is an article for American women to read and ponder over—and American men too.

An American household with two servants would require from four to six over there. They talk about the difficulty in getting maids just as we do. They can't see why the girl who has lived thrilling hours driving ambulances behind the battle-lines or who stuck to her post making high explosives when the air raids came doesn't want to put on cap and apron and open the door. Now tending doors is easy and rather amusing, but it is only the window-dressing part of domestic service. Again I feel like saying that we women in America are thrice blessed. We live in houses where the men look after the heating. With us furnace tending is rarely women's work. We don't carry up coals for open grates and carry down ashes day in and day out to keep our houses moderately comfortable in the worst climate in the world. We have running water where people are expected to wash their hands and we don't expect any one to drag all the water the family uses up several pairs of stairs and stagger down with the slops. In the majority of British homes the maids must do all these things. It looks sometimes as if the whole domestic economy of the nation were carried on women's backs. Housework at its best, as we have it in American labor-saving homes, is not easy. Few women really enjoy it as a steady thing. Almost any woman can think of things she'd rather do. Washing dishes and making beds have to be done daily everywhere under any conditions. But just let a woman try "chores" in a British house of average style and size! The unending cleaning of brass and copper, the heating of all hot water in the tea-kettle and bringing it upstairs for every member of the family at least twice a day, the hot-water bottles which must go into every bed every winter night because the sheets are always cold and damp, the cleaning of boots and shoes for every one in the house! All this on top of ever-present and everlasting soft-coal dust from open grates over everything inside and out. And *five* meals a day! Yes, five even in ordinary households. (I am not discussing the great mansions—I don't know much about them; these are what they call "middle-class" homes that I am trying to picture.) First comes early tea and a slice of toast about an hour before the substantial British breakfast, which runs all the way from porridge through fish and meat and eggs and toast and jam and tea. Then luncheon—and a hearty one at that. Next, afternoon tea—and such teas! Sandwiches, toast, scones, jam, cakes, and occasionally even eggs. If another meal is omitted, tea is not. Even at the theater matinées the attendant brings your tray of tea between the acts. Dinner follows, and often sandwiches and drinks before going to bed. It's a full day for the maids.

In spite of all this, apart from the "servant class" (all Britain is divided into classes), who normally would be expected after the war to return to such work, domestic service has actually become the refuge of many women—ladies they call themselves—who never could have considered it before. Look at some of the advertisements in the women's magazines and see how desperate must be the plight of an educated, refined girl if such offers will be considered:

> WANTED, in a Northampton farmhouse, a nursery governess, able to teach French and music, is required for four children, from three to ten years. She must be a good needlewoman and willing to help with light household duties. Salary about 26 pounds [$130] a year.

Less than eleven dollars a month for this combination nurse, teacher, servant, and seamstress!

Here's another:

> In a country cottage on Norfolk coast a vacancy for a "lady-house-parlor maid." A "lady-cook" and "lady-gardener" are employed. Separate bedrooms provided. Salary about 28 pounds [per annum]. Two in family.

That is what I call a really generous offer. Nearly twelve dollars a month for

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dusting, cleaning, bringing up trays and hot water and coals and carrying down slops and ashes, and cleaning boots and brass and copper and silver, and mending the linen, making underclothes, and keeping the mistress's wardrobe in order. The other "ladies" do the cooking and gardening and are supposed to provide congenial company. Of the many advertisements I have noted this is really one which looks pretty good.

I COULD go on for pages with advertisements like these spelling tragedies in every line. They prove pretty certainly that there is desperation among the gentlewomen of England these days. Sometimes this shows in an unconscious S. O. S. grimly funny in its implications: "Domesticated young lady seeks post. Housekeeper to gentleman; London preferred. References." Sometimes the girls are so determined to get away from home that they are willing to work for their "keep:"

> A young lady, cheerful and domesticated, seeks a post where she could make herself useful in any capacity; has some knowledge of shorthand and typing, fond of games. Salary not so much an object as happy home life. Willing to travel. Highest references.

The London "Times" carries daily a heading under "DOMESTIC SITUATIONS VACANT" of "Lady Housekeepers, Housekeepers, and Cooks." Here are two of its items:

> Wanted—Lady-chauffeuse companion to tour; experience.

Or again:

> Situation wanted for chauffeuse-companion; experienced driver, running repairs; good needlewoman, domesticated and adaptable; bridge; gentlewoman, age 30; country preferred.

It appears that this jewel will make your party dress, motor you over for a bridge game (stopping by the way to mend a tire or fix the carbureter), make up a fourth at the table if any one drops out, and is perhaps related to enough "smart" society to help Mrs. Newly-Rich in her campaign to marry daughter into the right social set.

Advertisements like these are wind-bent straws marking the sharp urge of economic necessity. But one wonders what the girls themselves are saying about it all. Do they realize how wrong things are for them? Do they talk about themselves?

SOMETIMES I think that the old dogged "British pluck" never shows more than among these unhappy idle women. There is a calm, tight-lipped mask over many faces. It is a sort of blankness where interest and intelligence ought to shine. The casual observer perhaps passes by without noticing because of the low voices and slow, easy movements which almost make it seem as though these middle-aging women are either dull and shallow or totally untouched by their daily experiences. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Everywhere the unmarried woman of twenty-five to forty is shy about talking of her heart affairs. In England she is doubly so, for shyness there almost amounts to a national disease. She is inclined to smile and keep on faintly smiling, and only indirectly the truth comes out. I have found that it was the engaged girl who most readily talked of her troubles. Of course, in this man-dearth these girls are few, but marriages do still happen and people do still become engaged in England. If they talk at all, they are exceedingly frank about what they see ahead. They will tell you that the competition is so keen that, though engaged to men whom they know to be deeply in love with them, they feel no abiding security. One, a young business woman, is engaged to a doctor. They are to be married as soon as his practice improves enough to make a home possible. But she is not serene and happy about the situation. "There's no honor among women," she says. "I suppose it is because my man is a doctor that the women run after him so." I told her that, on the contrary, she was the second engaged girl in a week to tell me that her fiancé was pursued after his engagement quite as much as before it was announced. Both of them made the same remark: "It's very hard on us, but it's so demoralizing for the man. It spoils him so." In each case I could see these girls wondering if this would go on after they were married. I know both feared it would grow much worse.

In America when we see a young couple much together and showing plain signs of interest and growing affection—"keeping company" they used to call it—the question we older ones are likely to ask each other is, "Will she have him, do you think?" But in London it is quite the other way; "Can she get him?" is how they phrase it.

This pursuit carries right down from the aristocracy to the "lower classes." I have before me the newspaper account of a recent wedding entitled "Laborer Weds a £100,000 Bride—Blushing Heiress Whispers I Will." It proves to be the wedding of "Miss Mary Dorothy Berchell-Herne, the wealthy sole survivor of one of the oldest families in Hertfordshire and owner of a mansion with 400 acres," with "William Henry Whitmill, ex-soldier and laborer." The minister who married them very kindly advised them not to mind the vast differences between them in wealth and social position because "what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" which, when you think it over, is rather a gloomy text for a parson to use at a wedding. A bit farther down in the column comes the probable reason for the clergyman's doubts: "The bride's age was given on the marriage register as forty-nine years and the bridegroom's age as thirty-three."

That is one side of it—the unusual side. The more common thing is for the girls in their twenties to marry men of fifty or sixty, or even seventy. The papers are full of such marriages until people no longer remark them. If you ask about it, they say: "Can you blame them? They know that the men in their thirties are gone."

ON the men themselves this state of affairs is dangerous. The attitude toward women of the average hard-working young man in England to-day is that of retiring behind barbed-wire entanglements for safety. I know one exceedingly attractive fellow who always takes his sister to dances and spends most of his time dancing with her. It's the safest way of amusing himself. For nowadays most men are too busy to seek heart-smashing as a steady occupation; even more feel that they cannot now afford to marry. So, it's the dugouts for them. Occasionally they are appallingly frank about their difficulties. I am thinking of one honest and charming boy who sought my advice. He knew that a certain young woman loved him deeply. He liked her, but that was all. He could not marry—perhaps for years he could not afford to. Was he justified in yielding to *her* suggestion that they should go off together for a brief holiday?

And that is the way the exceptional woman, either the very courageous or the very weak, is meeting her problem. It is not the solution for the ordinary girl. She recognizes that it involves too stiff a struggle with society, which still retains its pre-war mold. But the unusual woman, the rebel, is trying it again and again.

During the Middle Ages, when constant wars swept over Europe, carrying off the fighting men of mating age, the Church saw this same problem of the surplus woman and met it by establishing convents and semi-religious houses. In these days of feminine emancipation

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they cannot serve the average woman, who wants, not less, but greater freedom in her own life. For one woman who seeks the religious life to-day thousands prefer the factory or the office or the mill.

IN Britain emigration is the first remedy which comes to every one's tongue. In a country with years of unemployment behind it—where it is becoming normal to have more than a million people drawing unemployment relief—what more natural than that a large proportion of these 2,000,000 "superfluous women" should be told to look overseas for a way out. They know that in the colonies and America where men are in the majority, no one ever speaks of "superfluous men." A question in the House of Commons revealed that in 1913 98,593 "females of twelve years of age and upwards" emigrated from Britain "to the British Empire." Added to these were 42,513 who sailed "for foreign countries to take up permanent residence therein." In 1920 only 84,530 women emigrated to the Empire dominions and 40,869 to foreign countries. These figures include girls and women from the Irish Free State. The figures for 1924 omit Ireland and are: To the Empire, 50,022; to other countries, 10,341. In other words, in 1913 141,000 women left Great Britain and Ireland for a new life in unknown lands; in 1920 only 125,000; and from Britain alone in 1924 less than half as many emigrated.

These are surprising figures. Do they mean that just as the best jobs went to men after the war, so the best chance to get away has gone again to the man of the family? Where some one had to stay at home and look after the old folks it would always be the woman; but that would have held good also before the war. Was it because in these hard times the price of a ticket to a foreign land is more readily found by a man than a woman? To a great degree it is true that the United States' new immigration laws have taken away, particularly from Englishwomen, the most attractive opportunities in a foreign country.

At its best emigration is only a temporary solution and for a limited number. Those who most need new scenes and occupations often cannot make the break to go and seek them. They are the ones who must sit at home and ache, sometimes ending in the psychopathic ward, sometimes in the river. To them the difficulties ahead seem insuperable and they go down before them. No broad and satisfactory method of escape presents itself in these so-called solutions. Actually they seem to throw into higher relief the enormous problem which they are meant to solve.

England's unhappy women are the real, though unsung, war victims. They are the *mutilati*, as the Italians say. In an ironic way their fate is the grimmest of all the many hideous jokes the war and the peace have left behind. They are the unknown casualties to which no monuments are ever built. Collectively they have no ex-veterans' associations, no glory, and to themselves and to their country they seem to have no excuse for being.

An East Side American

The Autobiography of a Son of the City

By CHARLES STELZLE

LIKE a baseball umpire, unlike a juror, an arbitrator is supposed to know something—the more, the better—about the subject of the controversy he is to decide. Charles Stelzle's whole training prepared him for intelligently deciding labor disputes. His life as a boy on the lower East Side of New York gave him a knowledge of life, his experience in a machine shop gave him a knowledge of labor, that he could not otherwise have acquired. But all his experience would have availed him little if he had not had the open mind and the sense of humor that this chapter of his life discloses.

XVIII

Arbitrating Labor Troubles

ONE day a committee of labor leaders representing an international union whose local in New York City had had a dispute with an employers' association called at my office with the request that I serve as arbitrator in the case in question.

"I am surprised that you should come to me again," I remarked to the committee, "when in practically every case that I have thus far arbitrated in your industry I have decided against the union. The fact that I am a member of the Machinists' Union has never meant that I would grant special favors to workingmen."

"That's all right," the chairman of the committee said. "We know when we are right and when we are wrong, but we labor officials can't tell the boys that they are wrong, because they will think that we have been bought up by the bosses and that we are double-crossing the union. They know that you don't give a damn, when you arbitrate one of our cases what the bosses or what the union thinks. You always give everybody a square deal and the men trust you. In this particular case they say they won't accept anybody but you as arbitrator."

After hearing the arguments on both sides in this case, I again decided against the union.

In experiences of this nature covering a dozen years or more my decisions have gone against the labor unions about two-thirds of the time, although it should be said that in every case the arbitrators representing the union side always signed the decision which I wrote. This cannot always be said for the employers, for in many cases when the decision was in favor of the union there was somebody on the employers' side who presented a minority report. However, this was merely a matter of record, because when I handled those cases as chairman of the arbitration committee my decision was final.

MOST of the cases which have come under my observation and consideration had to do with the printing business in New York; no doubt because of my practical experience as a machinist in the shops of R. Hoe & Co., the printing-press manufacturers, where I worked for

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eight years, and the major part of these cases were in connection with the mechanical departments of the New York newspapers.

After my first experience in this particular field, in which, by the way, the decision went against the labor union, Hermann Ridder, publisher of the New York "StaatsZeitung," remarked to me that he was mighty glad to have found an "impartial" arbitrator who actually knew the printing business, because, he said, "on a number of occasions we have had decisions rendered by perfectly honest men whose rulings we, as employers, could not accept because they did not give workingmen a fair deal." He quoted a famous bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, who went out of his way ordinarily to express his sympathy for workingmen, and actually did much in New York City to further their cause, but who in an arbitration case gave them a decidedly raw deal simply because he did not understand the technical aspects of the newspaper printing business.

As a result of the confidence gained through the decisions made in a number of cases, I understand that my name appeared at the top of the lists of suggested arbitrators submitted by both the publishers and the unions in a number of important arbitration cases, so that for some time I served in this capacity, not as the representative of any organization that was trying to reform somebody, but merely as an individual who was interested in bringing about better relationships between employers and employees.

SOME of these cases had been held up for several years because both the publishers and the union were afraid to submit them to arbitration on account of the great uncertainty as to how an outsider might regard what was to them a most important question, for arbitration decisions come to have much the same standing that decisions in courts of law possess—they are constantly being quoted by succeeding arbitrators, or in the presentation of cases both by employers and employees. Sometimes the questions considered involved merely the carrying out of definite agreements made several years before, but in cases in which certain conditions had changed very decidedly since the agreement was entered into, giving one side or the other undue advantage.

For example, it had been agreed by the union and the publishers that five men should constitute a crew on a "shaving machine," an appliance which shaved the inside of stereotype plates used on the cylinders of newspaper presses. In the agreement it was specified just what place each particular man of the five was to occupy in his relationship to the running of the machine. The place of one of these men was to be at the "tail" of the machine, to which the stereotype plate was finally delivered after the machine had automatically done its work; but in one of the newspaper offices a very ingenious arrangement had been perfected whereby the tail end of this shaving machine was run through a hole cut in the partition which separated the stereotype-room from the pressroom, where the plate was used. Obviously there was no room for the

Courtesy Joseph E. Ridder, Staats-Herold Corporation

Hermann Ridder

man assigned to the tail end of the machine to stand. In order to function at all, it would have been necessary for him to go into the pressroom and there take the plate from the machine, but the rules of the pressmen's union prohibited the member of any other union from working within the pressroom, although a member of the pressmen's union was permitted to handle the plate as it came through the partition. The stereotypers' union, however, insisted that five men must be employed on the machine, and so the fifth man continued to remain as a member of the crew, taking his place in the pressroom, but doing absolutely nothing, although he had drawn his weekly wages for two years when the case came to me for arbitration. After looking over the situation, and after hearing both sides of the case, I gave my decision against the union, although technically they were right in their insistence that the agreement of the publishers to employ five members of the stereotypers' union on the shaving machine had been violated. My point was that there were still five men at work on the machine, even though the fifth man was a member of the pressmen's union, and that it was absurd to insist upon the enforcement of a technicality which severely penalized an employer who was trying to maintain great efficiency without reducing either the number of workers or the amount paid for running his plant—and the union finally agreed with me. Apparently, they were afraid of establishing a precedent which might some time in the future injure them in the making of a contract concerning the number of men who should be employed in operating this kind of a machine.

Taken as a whole, it has been my experience that the representatives of the labor unions presented more carefully prepared briefs than did the employers.

I recall one instance in which the question of an increase of one dollar per day was asked in the wages of the men in a union which represented approximately twenty-five hundred members. When the question of the cost of living was considered, the employers, besides some mere generalities, presented simply several sheets of brown paper upon which was penciled the prices of food which had been got in Washington Market on the morning of the hearing. The union, on the other hand, had very carefully prepared an elaborate statement based upon a study made of the rise and fall of prices covering a number of years and giving their authorities for the statistics employed. The case for the employers had been so poorly presented that I insisted upon another hearing in order to give them an opportunity to secure more complete figures for their side, although the labor representatives of the board protested most vehemently against such a proceeding. I insisted, however, that as an arbitrator I had the right to ask for all the facts available, and I felt that I was not in a position to make a decision on so important a case with the material which had thus far been given me. The employers rushed a couple of men to Washington, who spent a week in getting the best figures available, which were then submitted at the next hearing of the Arbitration Committee. However, in this case the decision went in favor of the union, although the full amount asked for was not granted.

In another instance a contract between the employers and the union had been so loosely drawn that it was capable of several different interpretations, and when it came to the defense of the employers' side there was such indifference manifested as to the importance of these

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points that I indirectly intimated in the early part of the day that if no better evidence could be produced on the side of the employers the case would go to the union. During the luncheon recess the employers saw to it that the afternoon session was attended by several of the leading lawyers of the city, who had been retained by their organization to argue the case for them. This arbitration resulted in a compromise decision.

It should be said that in both the cases just described all of the material had been gathered together by the workingmen themselves or by their elected officials, who had had no legal training but were graduates from the shop, although several were still working in the shop. In one instance the three men who represented the union had worked almost continuously for three days and three nights, getting very little sleep, in the preparation of their material.

One of the most encouraging features in this connection is the fact that in recent years the experts employed by one union and those engaged by the employers work jointly to produce material upon which there may be based a common agreement, thus narrowing down the possibilities for controversy.

SOMETIMES, of course, there are hot-headed men on both sides. On the other hand, occasionally some strong personality will stand out, having such fine qualities that the mere matter of explosiveness on occasion is forgiven, especially if the guilty man himself has a sense of humor.

I recall a prominent newspaper publisher in New York City who in a certain arbitration hearing shook his fist in the faces of the three representatives of the union and called them the vilest names that he could think of, but the three unionists simply continued to puff away at their cigars and smiled at the excited representative of the bosses.

Finally, I quietly remarked: "Mr. Blank, these men do not deny that they are what you are calling them—so this is not a question for arbitration. Let us go ahead and talk about things which will really stir them up and to which you can get a comeback." The excited publisher joined heartily in the laugh of the crowd.

"Well," he said, "they are damned good fellows, anyway," and the trade-unionists came back at him with the same compliment. The committee then proceeded to its business.

There was probably no man representing the publishers who was more generally admired by the workers than Don C. Seitz, then of the New York "World." Characteristically, he gave his opinions bluntly, and never minced matters, but he was always so eminently fair—sometimes opposing his fellow-members of the employers' group—that he won the respect of every man of the opposition.

It is generally assumed that when one side in a controversy is willing to arbitrate and the other is not that the former is manifesting the finest spirit and is to be commended for its fairness; but it doesn't necessarily follow that he who is willing to arbitrate is surest of his grounds. The fact is that frequently when one side has nothing to lose and

Don C. Seitz

everything to gain—that is, when it is least sure of its ground—it makes a show of fairness by saying that it is willing to submit its case to arbitration, with the belief, as is often true, that the arbitrator will compromise the claims of the two contending parties, and thus give the side which really had no case more than it is entitled to.

There are very few cases which cannot fairly be settled by arbitration, assuming that both sides will be fairly presented and the arbitrator is unprejudiced and has a sufficient knowledge of the technicalities which may be introduced to permit him to give a fair judgment. Often, however, the arbitrator may have a clear and definite opinion regarding the technical and legal points involved and still bring in a decision which, while not absolutely unjust, nevertheless results in bitterness or hard feeling. In such cases the failure to consider the human element in a controversy is responsible for the creation of very unhappy situations.

It is often assumed that lawyers or judges make the best arbitrators because they possess "the judicial mind," but the trouble is that their tendency is so strongly in favor of the absolute observation of the letter of the law that they often forget the human side of the question. This, added to their lack of knowledge of the business itself, sometimes results in decisions from lawyers which are anything but satisfactory to the workingmen, who in such cases are usually the greatest sufferers.

The major portion of the international unions throughout the country and the American Federation of Labor itself are opposed to compulsory arbitration. More and more, however, the tendency is toward the compulsory presentation of the facts before an arbitration board, and thence to the public. After the arbitration board has made its decision it remains for public opinion to enforce it. If public opinion does not coincide with the view of the arbitration board, the side which has been discriminated against stands guiltless; but if, on the other hand, the offending party refuses to accept the just decision of the board, it stands condemned by the public, receiving no sympathy from it, with the result that it is soon whipped into line.

WHETHER or not an industry can afford to pay increased wages does not always depend upon the profits which are being made at the time of the demand for the increase. In one of the decisions which I rendered in connection with a newspaper arbitration I stated: "Whether or not the newspaper is making money cannot be the determining factor in deciding how much wages should be paid to its employees. In the first place, workingmen should not be penalized because of the publisher's errors of judgment, lack of business enterprise, mistaken editorial policy, or any other reason which may cause a newspaper to fail to produce fair profits. Furthermore, publishers of newspapers may see fit to conduct their affairs so that a larger future reward will come to them rather than a comparatively small immediate return. If a newspaper is conducted at a loss in spite of no assurance of future prosperity, then the personal desire for continuing such enterprise should not be a sufficient reason to request employees to work for less than a living wage."

It is a question whether any industry which cannot pay a living wage has a right to live.

It is an extremely difficult matter for

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an arbitrator to base his findings upon figures presented regarding what it costs the average worker to live, because often there is a variation in figures of this kind of from fifty per cent to one hundred per cent—depending upon who presents them.

If the principle of the living wage as submitted by social workers and so-called experts were to be applied to industry as a whole, it is probable that the total annual income at present produced in the United States would not be large enough to provide such a wage for every worker, and it is a serious question whether a particular industry should be compelled to pay its workers the "living wage" which may have been submitted in a particular controversy, while there are many other industries with which it would come into more or less competition that pay very much less than this living wage. There is endless controversy regarding the living-wage question because the value of money changes so frequently. The purchasing power of the dollar varies very greatly from time to time. Also standards of living are constantly changing. Before the war the average American workingman was satisfied if he had enough to eat, clothes enough to wear, and a home to live in. But to-day, on account of the marked elevation of standards of living, he is no longer content with merely making a living—he is keenly interested in making a life. Thus it will be seen that the living-wage question will always be subject to arbitration.

In the next installment, the last but one of his Autobiography, Mr. Stelzle will tell some of his experiences in England, Germany, and Mexico

The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

Thomas Jefferson One Hundred Years After

By HELEN and DAVID LILIENTHAL

ALTHOUGH one hundred years have passed since his death, the figure of Thomas Jefferson is as significant to-day as that of any leader in our history. Many of our democratic institutions are a legacy to us of his mind or influence. Never have his pleas for religious tolerance, for liberty of speech and press, for honor to the scholar, for local self-government, for economic justice to the agrarian producers, for frugal economy in Washington, seemed more timely. The observance of the centennial of his death and simultaneously the sesquicentennial of his handiwork, the Declaration of Independence, will be the occasion for widespread interest in the man and his works. It is fortunate that to meet this interest there have been published recently a number of excellent books upon Jefferson and his times.

Of these books, but one is a biography of Jefferson—that written by a distinguished English Liberal, Mr. Francis W. Hirst.[1] Within the compass of a single substantial volume Mr. Hirst has made a contribution to Jeffersonian literature which will unquestionably become the standard "Life" in Great Britain, replacing the absurd and vindictive picture drawn by Mr. F. S. Oliver in 1907. Two things Mr. Hirst has done: he has, first of all, drawn from some original sources (largely Jefferson's own writings) the outstanding facts concerning his activities during a long and crowded life. He has, furthermore, presented us with an interpretation, an evaluation of Jefferson's ideas, his influence, his place in the tortuous and often disheartening struggle of man to govern himself under a democracy.

These facts of a life of achievement Mr. Hirst relates with a facility and, for the most part, a compactness, which makes reading a delight. Jefferson's boyhood in Virginia, his days as college and law student, the story of his début in public affairs leading to the drafting of the Declaration of Independence, his service as Virginia's Governor, America's diplomat to France, and Washington's Secretary of State, the terrific battle with Hamilton and the foes of republicanism, the eight fruitful years as Chief Magistrate, and then the closing years of public retirement but continued intellectual fecundity—all these chapters of Jefferson's life Mr. Hirst describes with distinction and judgment. If he has given too much space and too much passion to the task of refuting some of the notions about Jefferson, perhaps their wide currency is justification enough. The value of the work, it must be said, however, would have been enhanced if Mr. Hirst had not leaned so heavily upon Jefferson's own letters. He uses too little "local color" by way of contemporary source material, to make a really finished (which is to say, accurate) picture of the America in which the man moved and worked.

Mr. Hirst places the highest value upon Jefferson's ideas and influence. His view is well summarized in the following from his notable introduction:

> Jefferson combined with a marvelous insight into the springs of human nature, and into the motives that sway individuals and masses, an extensive knowledge of political science and history. He was a theorist, a doctrinaire, an idealist, but always at school with experience.

Mr. Nock's book,[2] he tells us, "is not meant to be a biography of Mr. Jefferson or to take the place of one. It is a mere study—a study in conduct and character." The book is that—and it is more. It is a study of the world of Jefferson's day *as Jefferson viewed it*, an effort to treat him subjectively. And then, too, it is an account of the activities into which Jefferson flung himself and the ideas he entertained and fought, expressed in terms of "an economic interpretation of history."

When Mr. Nock set out to treat Jefferson subjectively, he assumed a task which has been too much for every writer who heretofore has undertaken it. In the first place, Jefferson was a man of great restraint, emotionally quite self-contained and disciplined. His voluminous writings serve to shield rather than disclose the man. And then, few writers have the background to comprehend a man of the broad culture, the insatiable intellectual thirst, the capacity for action, and the almost incredible versatility of Thomas Jefferson. For here was a politician who was also a classical student, an architect, inventor, naturalist, scholar in languages (including the Cherokee and Anglo-Saxon!), an astronomer, mechanic, mathematician, meteorologist, and agriculturist! Mr. Nock's picture of this unique composite is, we believe, the most convincing and sympathetic yet written, perhaps in large part

[1] Life and Letters of Thomas Jefferson. By Francis W. Hirst. The Macmillan Company, New York. $6.

[2] Thomas Jefferson. By Albert J. Nock. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.

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because Mr. Nock himself is so widely learned and interested in so wide a range.

Mr. Nock throws over much of the traditional emphasis upon political aims, events, consequences. His study is an application of the doctrine of the "Federalist,"[3] brought down to date and demonstrated in detail by Professor Charles A. Beard, that political activities were but the shadow, economic ends the substance, in the early days of the Republic, as to-day. Jefferson is pictured as the champion of the "producers," against the schemes of Hamilton, Marshall, Adams, and other representatives of the "rich and well-born." This economic interpretation is applied to all of Jefferson's activities—sometimes with considerable strain both upon Jefferson and the reader's imagination, it must be said—and by and large the result is a refreshing change in the direction of realism from the traditional emphasis upon political ends.

This book is not intended for those unfamiliar with at least the essential facts of Jefferson's career and of the period in which he labored; such knowledge, Mr. Nock assumes. Many readers of conservative bent will be irritated with much of the economic interpretation, will find too much talk of "producers and exploiters," of "the cohesive power of public plunder," etc. If Mr. Nock may seem somewhat dogmatic and single-tracked in his emphasis upon "class interest," he is certainly not indignant about it, nor didactic; on the contrary, the sophistication, the saltiness, and the humor which delighted so many in his editorials in the "Freeman" are here at their best. Here is a sample, which can be matched upon almost every page: In speaking of Jefferson's inventions Mr. Nock says that "he conferred an unintended benefit upon the bureaucracies of all civilized lands by inventing the swivel chair."

The book by Mr. Claude G. Bowers,[4] of the New York "World," is an account of the struggle between Jefferson and Hamilton, and between their opposing and conflicting fundamental beliefs, from the time of the formation of Washington's Cabinet until Jefferson was elected to the Presidency. No racier, more vivid, or more graphic account is anywhere to be found. Mr. Bowers's chief

[3] "The Federalist," No. X. "Those who hold and those who are without property have ever formed distinct interests in society. . . . The regulation of these various and interfering interests forms the principal task of modern legislation, and involves the spirit of party and faction in the necessary and ordinary operations of the government."

[4] Jefferson and Hamilton. By Claude G. Bowers. Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston. $5.

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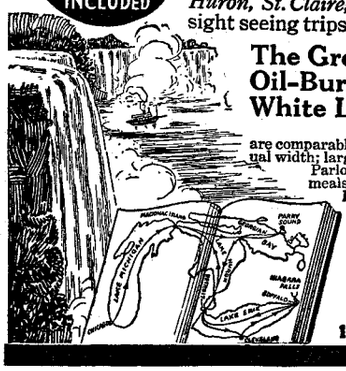

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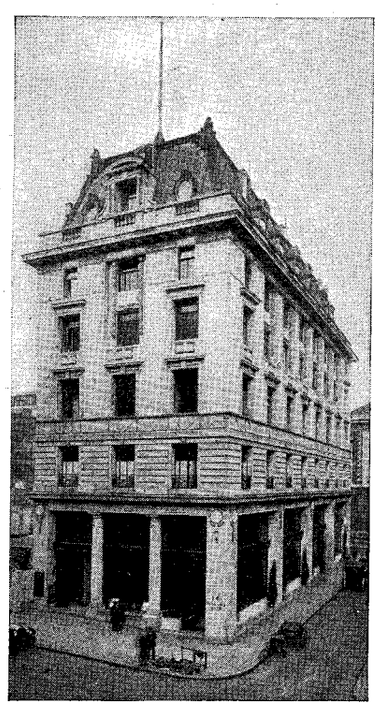

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sources are the contemporary records—such as newspapers, diaries, and memoirs—and these sources he handles with a keen sense of the dramatic and pictorial. His pages abound in deftly drawn sketches of all those men and women who took part in the "Plutarchian struggle" of the giants. In this book we "meet marching mobs, witness duels and fist-fights, turbulent mass-meetings, public dinners in groves and taverns, hangings in effigy, and champions of democracy in the galleries of theaters, pelting the aristocrats in the pits, and coercing the orchestras into playing 'La Marseillaise.'" But somehow we learn of Jefferson primarily as an obstructionist, as the chief of Hamilton's opposition. We are told of Hamilton's ideas: his contempt for democracy, his belief in strong government in the hands and for the benefit of the few able men, and the other familiar facts. Then we are given to understand that these were the antithesis of Jefferson's. Generally speaking, this is all quite true, and yet it gives to Jefferson a *negative* character, and quite undeservedly, as Mr. Bowers himself doubtless believes.

How far an author's own views color his canvas is illustrated nicely by Mr. Bowers's and Mr. Nock's books. Obviously, Mr. Bowers is a firm believer in political democracy; the basis of a free society must be the unhampered activity by the people generally in political government. Mr. Nock sniffs at political government in and of itself. Economic control by the people is to him the only basis for a free society. Their accounts of the crucial period of which they write vary in emphasis to harmonize with these views.

Probably nothing in Jefferson's life gave him nearly as much pleasure as his beloved Monticello. In Mr. Wilstach's book[5] we have at last a wealth of detail about what is still one of the most beautiful homes in America, as well as a veritable mine of material upon Jefferson's life there. "Jefferson at Monticello" not only throws further light upon Jefferson's little-known personal life, but it will be welcomed by the increasing number who have found Monticello one of the loveliest and most interesting of America's shrines.

[5] Jefferson at Monticello. By Paul Wilstach. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y.

Fiction

THE BIG HOUSE OF INVER. By E. Œ. Somerville and Martin Ross. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $2.

The new book by Somerville and Ross doesn't contain a single fox hunt and is not funny. This may disappoint people who keep an old copy of the "Adventures of an Irish R. M." to read in the evenings

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when dinner has been particularly good. It need not, as "The Big House of Inver" is a fine book.

It is a tragic story. There is the possibility that Miss Somerville, who supported and hunted her own hounds in County Cork right through the war, finds it difficult to be funny about her countrymen since Easter Sunday, 1918, and the horrible four years that followed. Be that as it may, this book, though it mentions politics not at all, and its scene is laid several years before the war, is as moving a tragedy as anything that Senator Yeats's group of Dublin mourners have produced.

The Prendevilles were the great family of the parish of Ross Inver, and the sign of their greatness was the Big House, built in the eighteenth century, and reduced by increasing poverty, drunken vandalism, and neglect to a great empty barracks of a place. The life task of Shibby Pindy, an illegitimate daughter of the house, is to set the impoverished and degenerate Prendevilles back in the Big House and to bring to her beloved young half-brother Kit his birthright. It is a noble fight she wages, but circumstance and heredity are too much for her.

Still there are noble horses in the book, for the author is never happy far from the sound of galloping shoes, and many flashes of the humor that has kept the Irish Resident Magistrate in print for thirty years are there to leaven the grimness of it. You will like her characters, they are real people; Chauncey Olcott and John McCormack might sing till they burst and never make Ireland seem half so lovely.

The name of Martin Ross is retained on the title-page, for the basic idea was hers, and, as Miss Somerville points out, an established firm does not change its title when one of the partners is forced to leave it.

Design

THE ROMANCE OF DESIGN. By Garnet Warren. In Collaboration with Horace B. Cheney. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y.

"This book," says the Publisher's Note, "has come about through the painstaking research of Cheney Brothers. Though designed for the use and information of decorators and makers of fine furniture, the publishers believe it will be of great value and interest to a wide circle." The book reflects various influences which the study of old designs (not only in textiles) has brought to the inspiration of present-day design in American textile fabrics. About one-third of the volume has to do with the achievements of the manufacturing firm mentioned.

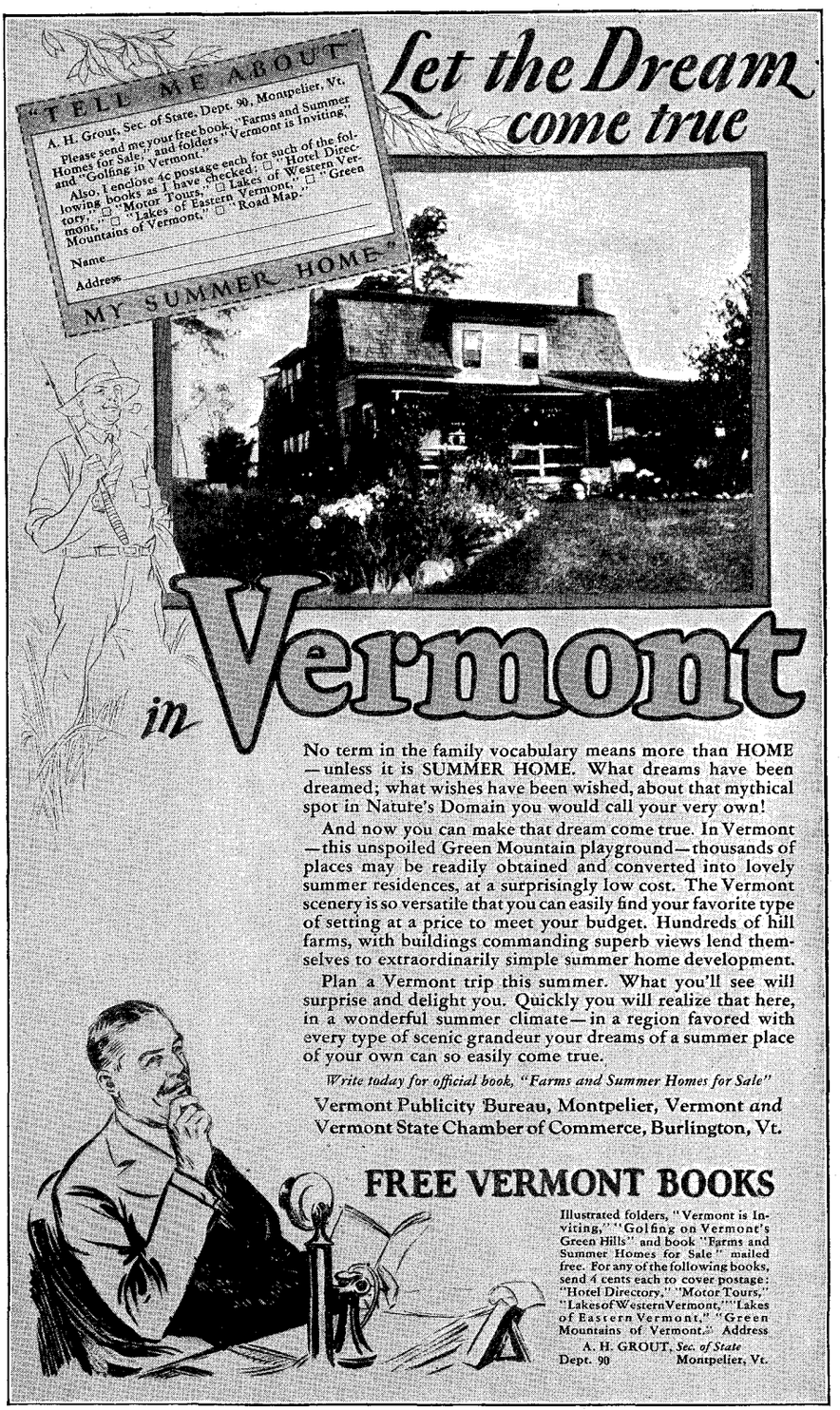
Essays and Criticism

ESSAYS OF 1925. Selected, with an Introduction, by Odell Shepard. Edwin Valentine Mitchell, Hartford, Conn. $2.50.

Odell Shepard has most effectively spiked his enemies' guns by criticising his own choice of material in his introduction. If an author is going to behave this way, there is nothing to be done but to state what fare he is bringing to his public and pass on.

The book is a collection of twenty-five American magazine articles, written during the past year by such people as John Jay Chapman, Edgar Lee Masters, Ernest Boyd, Heywood Broun, etc. With but three exceptions, they are very serious pieces, bothering themselves considerably about God, the Younger Generation, Censorship, Prohibition, Modern Education, etc. The articles are well written, the discussion is sensible. There are no solutions.

There is, of course, the story of the British author traveling on the Continent in the same compartment with an earnest American matron. "Oh, Mr. X——," she said, as soon as she had discovered who he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was, "do tell me what you think about God?" Further, the "American Mercury," reviewing Christopher Morley's latest book not so long ago, paid a deserved tribute to the author's style, but deplored his tendency to write lavender-scented *Schnitzeln* about picking daisies, his old pipe, stewed tripe, and such *Kartoffelsalat* as has flourished in English letters since Charles Lamb set the fashion.

Odell Shepard is on our side: "Rightly understood, it is an interesting commentary on the American magazines of 1925 that the familiar essay, at its best perhaps the most purely delightful and the most highly civilized of literary forms, is but slightly represented in them." He begs to be excused for the present collection; they are the best he could find. It is impossible to argue with a man like that. If you are anxious to learn what American writers worried about in 1925, this book can tell you very expertly. Mr. Shepard should not object if you prefer to read Lucas, Milne, Morley, or Chesterton.

OUR DEBT TO GREECE AND ROME SERIES. 3 vols., as follows: **ANCIENT AND MODERN ROME.** By Senatore Rodolfo Lanciani. **ARISTOTELIANISM.** By John Leofric Stocks, Professor of Philosophy, University of Manchester. **HOMER AND HIS INFLUENCE.** By John A. Scott, Professor of Greek, Northwestern University. The Marshall Jones Company, Boston. $1.50 per vol.

"Ancient, Mediæval, and Modern Rome" would be a more correct title; for the famous architect, archæologist, and writer includes all these in his survey, producing a charming book, full of information untainted by pedantry, and of the most vivid and delightful comparisons and contrasts.

"Aristotelianism" is probably as adequate a summary, within a space so brief, of this so vast, intricate, and tough subject as one may hope for. But why attempt what can't be done? The book is, in fact, quite unreadable except by a few learned scholars. Even this erudite and highly intelligent reviewer required three readings before he mastered it; and, this accomplished, he wept for a wasted day.

"Homer and His Influence" has merit of sorts; it is sufficiently pleasant reading. But, though obviously the work of a competent scholar, it is superficial; and one suspects that this results from a too studied effort to capture the ears of the *booboisie.* Really, Professor Scott was ill advised to handle his incomparable theme that way.

Philosophy

RELUCTANTLY TOLD. By Jane Hillyer. Introduction by Joseph Collins, M.D. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

A sort of feminine counterpart to the "Mind That Found Itself" of Clifford W. Beers, this is, in the primary sense of the adjective, a shocking book. Readers whose nerves are not demonstrably strong are advised either to let it alone or to read it through, for Miss Hillyer's fine mind eventually emerged from its eclipse. It was fortunate for psychiatrists that she was able to remember the whole hideous experience in detail. Genuine *revenants* from the other-world of insanity are rare; even less frequent are those who can write of it with a humor that softens some of its horrors.

Travel

THE VILLAGE IN THE JUNGLE. By Leonard Woolf. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $2.50.

Leonard Woolf, according to his blurbographer, spent several years in the Ceylon Civil Service. He should be well equipped to write a novel of Singhalese native life, and, praise be, his book has nothing to do with the "White Cargo," "Aloma," "Kongo" school of thought. The only white character in the book is an English judge, who does not take to drink and does not fall in love with anybody. The natives look like natives and smell like natives, and they cultivate their clearings, quarrel, scheme, and make love in a thoroughly understandable manner. Almost everybody has hookworm.

Mr. Woolf would like you to think of his book as the slow but inevitable defeat of a poor Singhalese village in its battle with the surrounding jungle. The inner narrative of the forest hunter with the unpronounceable name, his revolt against his village enemies, his imprisonment, and the marriage of his daughters is all subservient to this.

This makes a book to be the more thoroughly recommended were it not for the strange way that the author has written it. Singhalese expressions and idioms come so thick and fast that one is tempted to wonder why he bothered with the English at all. The foot-notes (there are several to a page) do make things moderately clear, but they scarcely assist the dramatic suspense of the narrative. This is a pity. It does give a fine picture of the jungle as it really is, and the people who live in it and fear it; but to all except Indian colonels and retired civil servants to read it is hard sledding.

Miscellaneous

WOMAN'S SHARE IN SOCIAL CULTURE. By Anna Garlin Spencer. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $2.50.

The author shows that the new woman is not to be confined in her activities to school work. Many sarcastic references are made to the point of view that celibate women have a duty to sacrifice themselves to the rising generation. Alongside of this is shown the increasing difficulty of men's taking up teaching as a vocation. Unlike the schoolboys of Europe, the boys in America are no longer taught by their own sex. The author considers this unfair, as the private schools alone can afford masters and head masters. Further, elementary teaching is cheap and inferior because young women are apt to take it up as a stop-gap between graduation and marriage. This the writer considers as unfortunate, as is the position of girls and young women in business. The female industrial worker is seldom interested in her job, and the shop-girl has little incentive to learn her trade and few opportunities to master it. A beginning has been made in such an institution as the Manhattan Trade School for Girls.

The author rejects as utopian the co-operative kitchen, the glorified day nursery, the omnipresent kindergarten, and the supervised play center. These are only palliatives, not solutions of the difficulties in the lives of the mothers of young children. Until the working-girl shall obtain real vocational training, until she shall stick to her union when on strike, she cannot hold the place of the other sex in specialized industry.

Contributors' Gallery

MARY DEWHURST BLANKENHORN has contributed before to The Outlook, and has also written for the "Survey," the "Bookman," and "McCall's Magazine." For the past two years she has lived abroad, principally in England, where she took a keen interest, as a former suffragist and a present-day newspaper woman, in the conditions which women have had to meet since the war.

MR. AND MRS. DAVID LILIENTHAL join forces in preparing an interesting discussion of some recent books on Thomas Jefferson for this week's Book Table. Mr. Lilienthal is a Chicago lawyer who has written for The Outlook on more than one occasion.

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